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November 28, 1956

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE



OLYMPIC GAMES
Melbourne 1956

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OLYMPIC SOUVENIR ISSUE

NOVEMBER 28, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 26

KEEP THE FLAME BURNING

IN the days of the Grecian Olympics a truce was proclaimed between warring Greek cities for the duration of the Games.

Never in modern times has there been such a need for a truce before the Games as there is now.

For weeks the world has been teetering on the brink of war.

As the curtain goes up for the greatest sporting event in Australia's history the world is still sliced into uneasy segments of bitterness and heartbreak.

The Hungarian crisis and the Middle East flare-up have caused bitter enmity between many of the nations competing at the Olympics.

Australians have done all they can to make sure the Olympics are a success. The arenas, accommodation, and training facilities have all been commended by the world.

Now it is up to all concerned in the Olympics to submerge their antagonism for the duration of the Games.

There will be the inevitable arguments and differences, but they should be solved promptly and generously so that they leave no unpleasantness.

The Olympic flame has come a long way; it would be a pity to put it out.

Our cover:

● Four years' preparation ends this week with the opening of the Olympic Games in Melbourne. This issue salutes the occasion. Our cover hopscotch of Olympic competitors shows in the top row: Mary Breen, Australia (shot put), Charles Pratt, U.S.A. (hurdles). Centre Row: Ken Norris, Great Britain (runner), Nancy Borwick, Australia (long jump). Bottom Row: Geoff Goodacre, Australia (hurdles), Lois Jackman, Australia (hurdles).

This week:

● Stirling Moss, world-famous racing-driver and winner of the 1956 Grand Prix, is visiting Australia for the Olympic Games. Moss is only 27, unmarried, and rich, but he's wedded to his career. You'll find more about him on pages 16 and 17.

● This week's crossword puzzle appears on page 30.

Next week:

● The seething excitement in Melbourne, crowded and decorated within an inch of its life, has complicated life for our staff. Battling from stadium to stadium complete with camera gear and other impedimenta and covering the Royal visit and many brilliant social occasions are giving them a breathless week. Next week their vivid stories will bring you a close-up of the Olympic scene.

● Peach marshmallow cream, glazed plum pie, and melon de luxe are some of the delicious puddings made from summer fruits in next week's enlarged cookery section.

● Details of a fascinating new "Dog Talk" competition will appear next week. The competition is based on our popular "What Is the Baby Saying?" competition.

Full details of the cash prizes of £100 every week and the first picture to be captioned will appear next week.

Our £2000 art award

● The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize will be held again next year. Closing date for entries will be August 31, 1957—a month later than the two previous years of the competition.

PRIZE-MONEY of £2000 and conditions for our 1957 Portrait Prize have not been changed.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prize-money, i.e., £2000.

The later closing date for next year's international award will give artists more time to send in their entries for the richest art prize in Australia and one of the biggest portrait prizes in the world.

Entries, suitably framed, must be delivered to the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney between Monday, August 26, and Saturday, August 31, 1957.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 3 p.m., August 31.

Portraits can be in oils, watercolors, or in pastels.

They must be the original work of competitors, and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

The portraits must also be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. by 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

Competitors are restricted to two entries.

The name and address of the competitor and the title of the portrait must be printed clearly on the back of each work.

With each entry competitors must also send in a statu-

tory declaration stating that the work complies with the conditions of the competition.

The judges of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1957, will be the Directors of the National Art Galleries in the six Australian States.

The decision of the judges will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

After their decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney for a minimum period of one month.

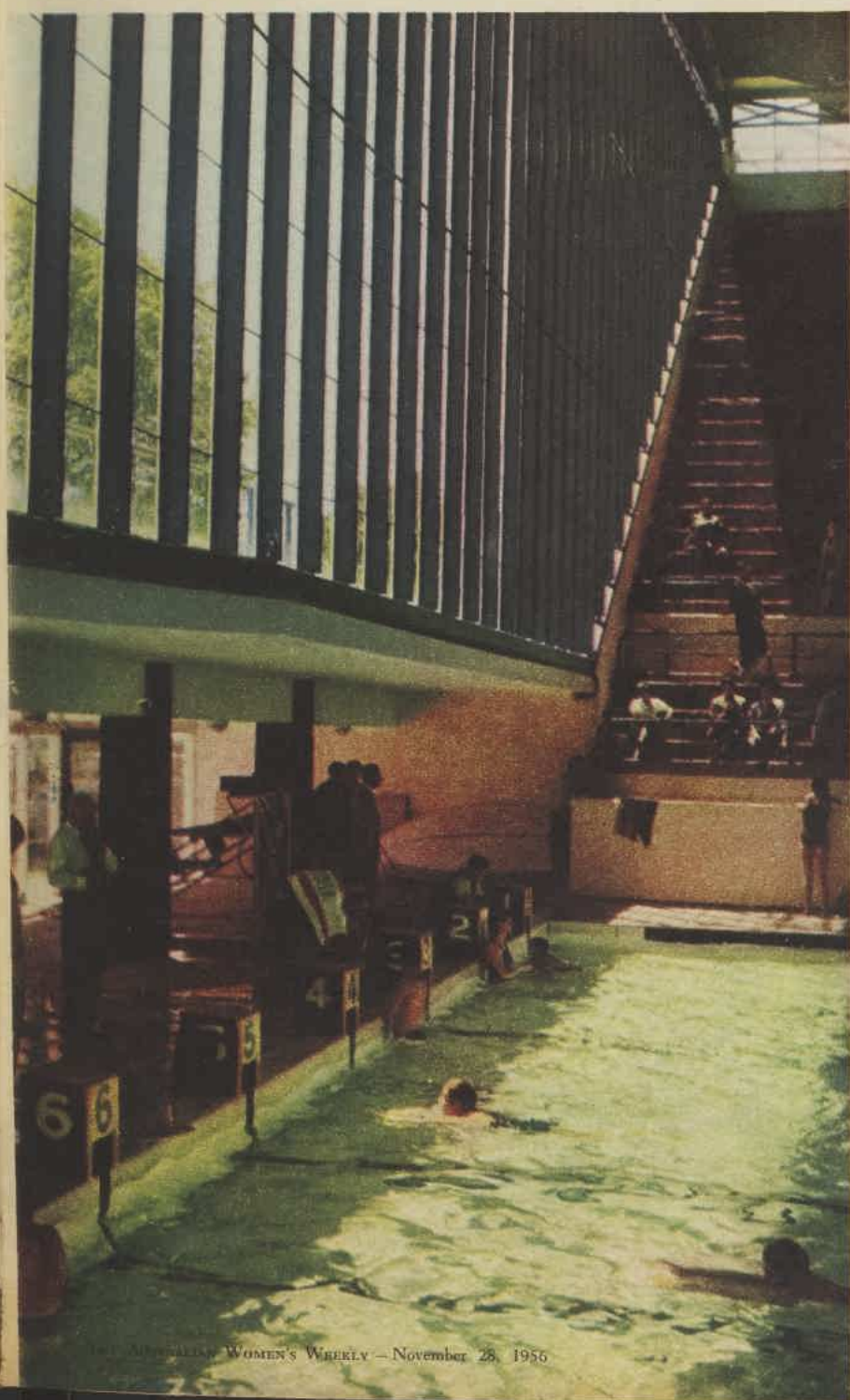
They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities.

Entry forms for the 1957 prize will shortly be obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State, and at major art galleries and societies here and abroad.

Intending competitors can also obtain forms by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney (Box 4088WW, G.P.O.).
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne (Box 185C, G.P.O.).
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane (Box 409F, G.P.O.).
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide (Box 386A, G.P.O.).
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth (Box 481G, G.P.O.).
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Athletes ready: THE CURTAIN RISES



NEW FRIENDSHIPS. Above: Italian cyclists Giuseppe Ogna (left) and Gugelmo Pejenti get together with Australian swimmer Maureen Giles. Left: The warming-up end of the Olympic Pool. The sun streams through a wall of glass on to tiles where competitors exercise before swimming. Below: Australian and Japanese women divers leave the diving-boards. From front are Barbara McAuley, Hatsuko Hirose, Pat Howard, and Kanoko Tautani. Pictures by staff photographer Gary Linney.



IN THEIR VILLAGE

Olympic teams live and work in international community of more than 5000

● The Olympic torch is burning in the southern hemisphere for the first time in history. Approximately 5000 athletes, at peak of their training, and officials from over 60 countries are in Melbourne, the city chosen for the 16th Olympic Games.

SOON the athletes will leave the Olympic Village at Heidelberg to go to the different stadiums to compete for coveted gold medals.

Their spirit is remarkable, for never before in the history of the Olympic Games have athletes from all nations assembled in such an atmosphere of world tension.

TURBANED TASTER in the kitchen is Kenya hockey player Joginder Singh, who invaded one of the kitchens. "I work up an appetite training and the food here is so good," he said.

But at the Village there is a pervading atmosphere of cheerful friendliness from the moment the community stirs at 7 a.m. and competitors from all nations swing energetically into training routines.

The Village itself is at Heidelberg, seven and a half miles from the main Olympic stadium, and consists of 841 houses and flats built over an area of 117 acres.

The entrance to the Village is through the Flag Court, where the flags of all nations resident are flown.

In the houses the athletes are looked after by Melbourne housewives who have taken jobs in the Village. They might not speak the various languages, but there's a warmth of feeling and an interest that go beyond language barriers.

They show athletes how to work the gas bath-heaters—and how to put up the windows. (A member of the Greek team accidentally broke two windows within a few days of his arrival.)

The Village is a self-contained community, with, as well as the usual shopping facilities, a hospital and medical centre, a dental clinic, barber-shop, bank, and boot-maker.

An Australian manufacturer of sweets has a gay blue-and-white stall in the Village, from where are distributed free packages of sweets to all residents.

Another gift to the Village is 1000 gallons of Australian wine, in the custody of Olympic attaches, who have been asked to use it to entertain athletes.

Ever since the Village opened some weeks before the Games, huge crowds have congregated at the gates, but visitors are not allowed at any time, nor are there now any conducted tours.

The only people allowed beyond the Flag Court are people on official business and relatives of team members who have obtained special permission.

Even the crowded busloads of schoolchildren on conducted educational tours have not been allowed in, but have been driven round the outskirts.

The International Restaurant is outside the Village gates, so that athletes may meet and entertain their friends close to their quarters.

Within the Village are thirteen dining-rooms, divided into national groups with the same food tastes.

Mrs. W. Duxbery, relieving supervisor of dining-rooms, says the most colorful personality she has met so far is the Nigerian chief, Lisa of Lagos.

"Chief Lisa wears a different robe to each meal," Mrs. Duxbery said. "They are magnificent. So far he hasn't worn the same robe twice. Generally he throws the robe off during the meal to show the white gown he wears beneath."

"I get on well with all the teams."

"The Russians are cheerful and helpful, but I think, of all the nationalities, the Nigerians are the most polished."

More than 20,000 meals are served each day in the friendly and hospitable atmosphere of the dining-room.

Most of the inhabitants of the Village are up with the lark, and fall into bed early after a hard day's training.

For those whose training schedule permits, there is always something doing. Films are shown in the theatre, there are live shows, and, in the recreation-rooms, radio-grams, chessboards, darts, and table tennis.

But regarded as the best entertainment of all is getting to know members of the other teams over coffee, and comparing training schedules despite language difficulties.

Life does not close down at the Village at the weekend, where all facilities, including the post office and the bank, are open seven days a week.

The bank has a specially trained staff to deal with currency problems, and interpreters who can cope with 15 different languages and make themselves understood in a number of others.

The post office is a continual hive of activity, for athletes are apparently indefatigable letter-writers. A number of them have also put through long-distance calls to their homelands.

The women's quarters in the Village are fenced in with eight-foot-high wire fences and entrances are guarded by sentries.

Despite the formidable defences, the magic word "photographie" (which everyone understands) lures the girls out.

The Russian girls are happy



TRACK WALKERS from the United States pack the Village bank in a double line to be instructed in the intricacies of Australian currency. Banking hours in the Village are from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. seven days a week. Specially trained staff speaks 15 languages.



SOUTH AFRICAN BOXERS in the buffet in Dining Room No. 3. This dining-room caters for a number of British Empire teams from South Africa, Kenya, Uganda, and Nigeria. From left are E. Ludick, G. Webster, P. van Vuuren, D. Bekker, and A. Junka.



SENTRY guarding the wire-fenced women's quarters talks to 14-year-old Australian swimmer Sandra Morgan.



FRENCH SWIMMERS. From left, Ginette Sendral, Odette Luxien, and Heda Frost photographed on the training oval at the Village by some team-mates. The girls are wearing Pierre Balmain cocktail dresses of ottoman silk in either red, white, or blue, which the designer presented to all members of the team.

New friends enliven hard training



and co-operative, and are always willing to pose.

"Photographie" seems to be contagious. The day we visited the Village we saw Australian swimmer Faith Leech photographed with Russian girl discus-thrower Elvina Elkin as they watched the arrival of some French athletes.

A motor-cycle policeman who had escorted the French bus into the Village was busily photographing some Italian girl athletes, while an international photographer was equally busy photographing the policeman.

The Hungarians are friendly, and we made ourselves known again with that wonderful word "photographie."

An exuberant member of the team, whose name we never did find out, conducted us through the Hungarian quarters, flinging wide a door to show us some members of

the team who were sound asleep.

"Sleeping beauties," he said proudly. It seemed to be the only English phrase he knew.

In the 24-bed Village hospital there were only six patients. The Russians have set up their own hospital with eight doctors, so will not use the Village hospital.

Only minor illnesses and injuries have been treated so far, and the staff of Service doctors and nurses are thoroughly enjoying their stay at the Village.

Pretty blond Sister Josephine True, of the R.A.A.F., said she was enjoying every minute.

"It is fascinating meeting so many different people," she said.

"We are all collecting team badges. I've started with a

South African badge, but I have an Indian patient, so I am hoping I will soon have an Indian badge."

Athletes are amazed at the courtesy of Australian schoolchildren who want their autographs. Instead of the usual undisciplined clamor, many children say politely, "May I have your autograph, please?"

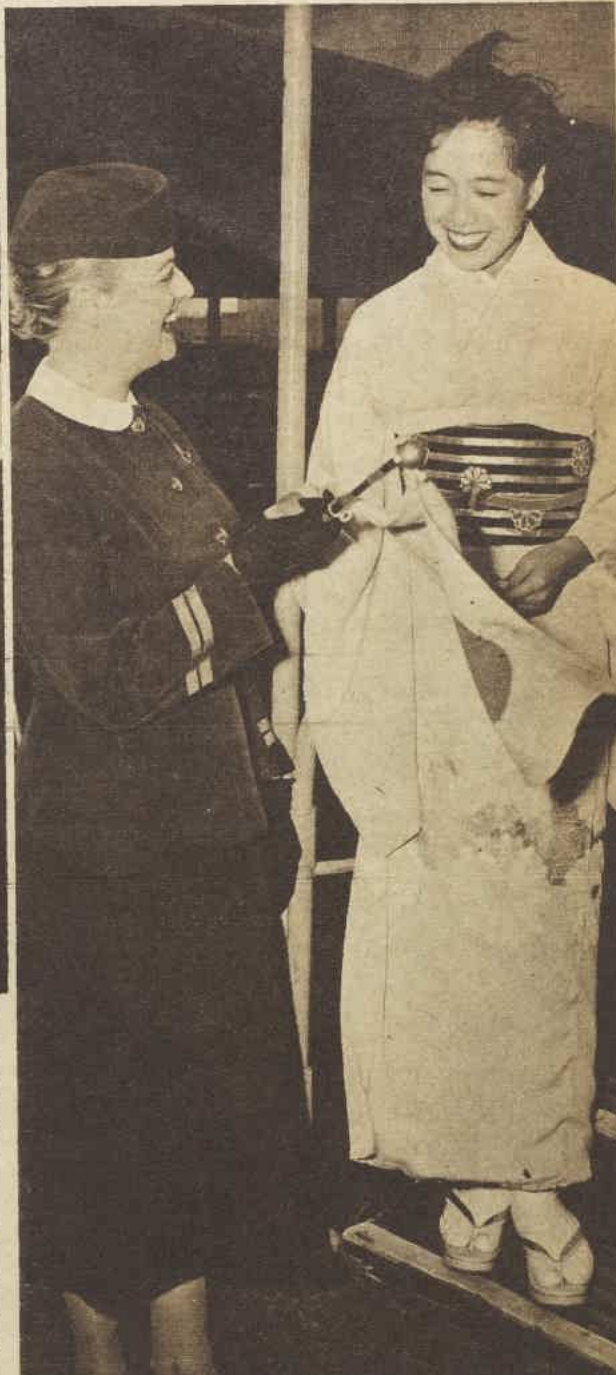
This unorthodox approach is the result of Melbourne's Courtesy Week prior to the Games, during which Melbourne schoolchildren were tutored by international athletes on the correct approach for autograph-hunters.

Two Americans we met had ducked into the Village by a circuitous route to avoid the polite children.

"If I had time to sign all the books for the kids I would," one of them said, "but it's not fair to sign only one or two."

GERMAN swimmers Eva-Maria ten Elsen (left) and Christel Steffin listen as Italian chef Romano Bassi tries to persuade them of the merits of spaghetti as a training food.

RIGHT: Australian air hostess Lea Sonntag greets Miss Juge, the hostess of the Japanese airline that brought Japan's Olympic team to Melbourne's busy airport, Essendon.

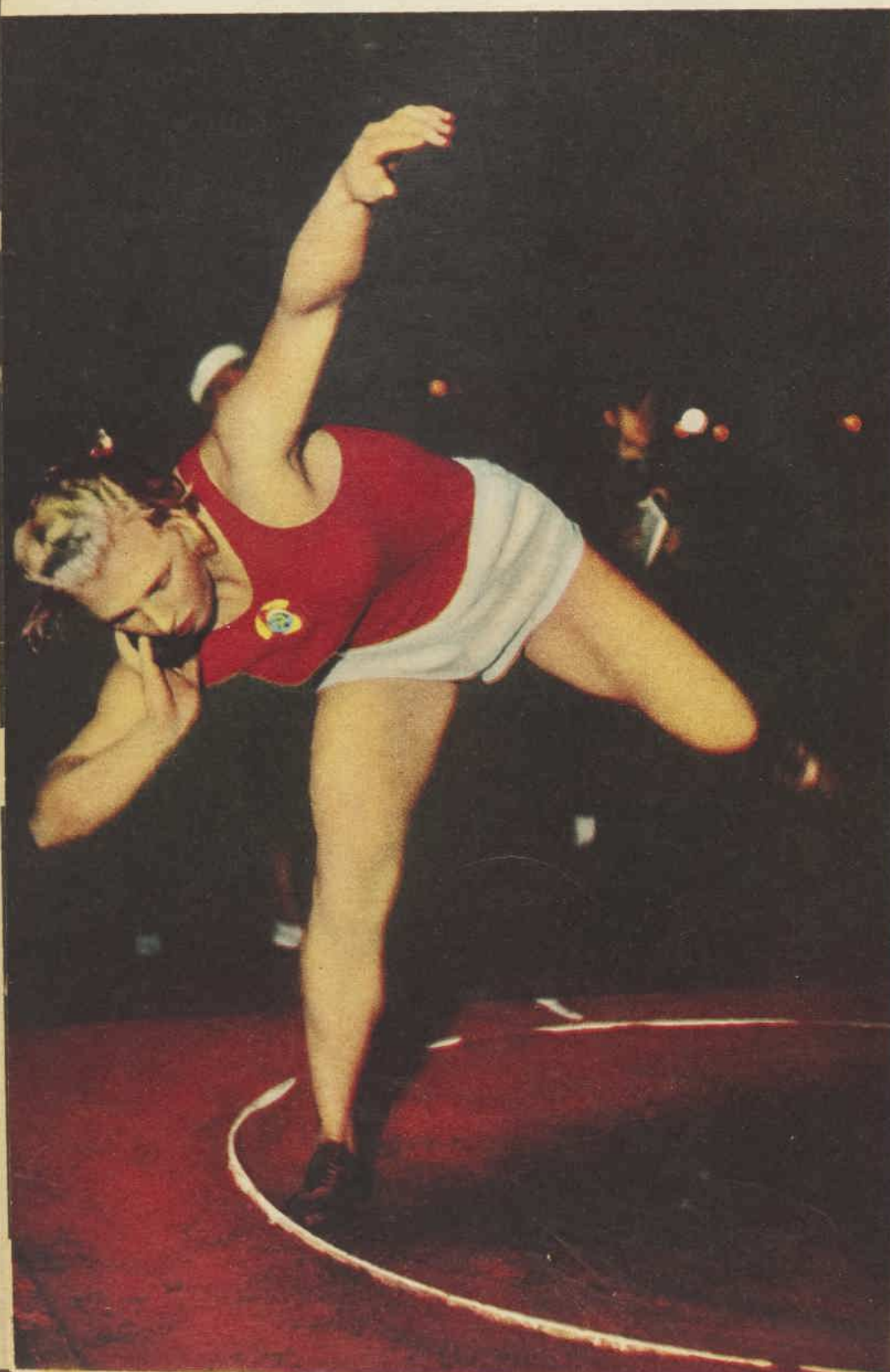


HUNGARIAN ATHLETES relax after their long journey to Melbourne before sleeping off the fatigue of the plane trip. Reading on the bed in their Village home are Sandor Jakabfy (right) and László Kiss. Dr. Geza Varadi, foreground, is writing a letter.



AUSTRALIAN SWIMMER Faith Leech with Russian discus-throwers Elvina Elkina (left) and Erina Beglyagova. The letters "C.C.C.P." on the Russian girls' track-suits are the Russian-script initials for "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Five sports for women at Games



● Top women athletes from all over the world will have a chance to compete in five sports at the Olympic Games — athletics, swimming, fencing, kayaking, and gymnastics.

By ANDREW DETTRE

AUSTRALIA'S outlook is good, but far from the best. Although Australia has some excellent women swimmers and athletes, she is acutely short of world-class gymnasts, fencers, and canoeists.

The world's top women's sporting countries may be Russia, Germany, or Hungary, which have good chances in every event.

With dozens of world-class performers clashing in a tense atmosphere for the highest sporting honors awarded, however, predicting how they will perform is almost impossible.

In past Olympic Games, "certain winners" have often failed miserably, while "dark horses" have often won.

But what I can do is present a picture of what might happen, mention the

women with the brightest chances, and refrain from labelling anyone a "certainty."

ATHLETICS

An 18-year-old Sydney girl, Betty Cuthbert, is now widely hailed as Marjorie Jackson's worthy successor for Olympic honors.

Although many experts claim that another Marjorie Jackson is not likely to be born for 50 years, Miss Cuthbert could win a gold medal or two for Australia.

Her chances over 100 metres are very good. She has 11.5 sec. to her credit—not bettered by anyone in the world this year, but equalled by three women overseas, Van Brouwer (Holland), G. Kohler (Germany), and E. Stubnick (Germany).

Marlene Mathews, also of Sydney, Russians M. Itkina and G. Popova, and English J.



RUSSIAN woman shot put star Galina Zybina, who holds the world shot put record, is a great favorite for success at the Games in Melbourne. AUSTRALIAN runner 18-year-old Betty Cuthbert, of Sydney, is Australia's number-one prospect for both the 100 and 200 metres events.

Stars of all nations



BRITISH sprinter June Paul was British sprint champion before her marriage. She is still regarded as one of Europe's leading women sprinters. When not running, she is a busy housewife and the happy mother of a young son, Steven.

Paul are others Miss Cuthbert will have to face.

Over 200 metres Betty Cuthbert holds the world record (not yet ratified) with a fantastic 23.2sec. A repeat of this run would probably enable her to break the tape in the Olympic final. Marlene Mathews, Itkina, Paul, and Stubnick will be her main opponents here, too.

Shirley Strickland will have a difficult problem in successfully defending her 80 metres hurdles title, but, judging by her recent runs, she is quite capable of doing it.

Shirley, one of the most popular Australian women athletes, will be joined by South Australian Norma Austin and Sydney girl Gloria Cooke in this event. Germany's world-record holder, Zenta Gastl, and Russia's pretty and brilliant Galina Vinogradova-Popova are the early favorites.

The high jump may boil down to a duel between Britain's Thelma Hopkins and Rumania's Iolanda Balas, both of whom have cleared 5ft. 8½in. this year. Russia's Ballod, America's McDaniel, South Africa's Geyser, Czechoslovakia's Moldrachova, and Germany's Kilian could also do well.

Australian record holder Michele Mason cleared 5ft. 6in. last September. However, she still jumps with the outdated "scissors" move, which may not give her much chance against the streamlined Europeans using the latest rolling styles.

Poland's Elzbieta Dunska-

Krzesinska, who established a new world record of 20ft. 10in. last August, will be the favorite to win the broad jump.

However, the Russians, including Szegeny, Vinogradova, and Radchenko, and England's T. Hopkins will try to make it difficult for the Polish girl. Australian Erica Willis, with her 18ft. 7in. jump in the Olympic Trials, seems out-classed in this company.

Two muscular Russians — Helsinki winner Galina Zybina and giant Tamara Tishkivich—are most favored for the shot put event, while another Russian, Virve Roolaid, is a good bet for the javelin throw.

Roolaid, though, will have stiff opposition from Poland's Figwer, Czechoslovakia's Zatepkova, Germany's Brommel, and Hungary's Vigh. Even compatriots Chudina and Gorchakova or Maremae are strong contenders for Olympic honors.

If Russia's Nina Ponomareva of the "Five Hats" fame makes the trip she should win the discus event. In her absence, fellow Russian Beglyakova will have quite a task in preventing this event from slipping into "foreign" hands.

Australia has no one in any of the weight events who has even the remotest chance of troubling giant and robust Russians and other Europeans. She could, however, win the 4 x 100 metres relay event, for which she will be equal favorite with Germany, Russia, and England.

Continued on Page 14



AUSTRALIAN swimmer 18-year-old Lorraine Crapp holds six individual world records. She looks unbeatable for the 400 metres event and will be Dawn Fraser's strongest rival for the 100 metres event.



AMERICAN backstroke swimmer Carin Cone, of Washington, won the American Olympic Trials with the time of 1min. 14.4sec. for the 100 metres backstroke. Her main opponents will be English, German.



RUSSIAN field athlete Nina Vinogradova will probably contest the long jump, an event in which she is in world class. Nina is no relation to Galina Vinogradova, a Russian Olympic hurdles contender.



U.S.A. swimmer Shelley Mann is America's leading butterfly and freestyle swimmer. She is regarded as America's most versatile swimmer, and is entered for the 100 metres freestyle as well as the 100 metres butterfly event.



AUSTRALIAN swimmer Dawn Fraser seems almost certain to win the 100 metres freestyle swimming event. She is regarded as being potentially the world's fastest woman swimmer and a certain member of the Australian relay team.



THE DRINK OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

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LONDON . . . 1948 HELSINKI . . . 1952

MELBOURNE, 1956

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GOOD FOR ATHLETES — GOOD FOR YOU



HAPPY Olympic teenagers (above) are, from left, Galina Rezyneva (U.S.S.R.), Dorota Jockiel (Poland), Vera Ngova (U.S.S.R.), and Natalia Kot (Poland). At right, German swimmer Bergit Klomp (16) posts a letter to her family.

Teenage ambassadors of 1956

● Youth is having its day at the Olympic Village. Teenagers (all the teens from 14 are represented) have travelled up to 13,000 miles to try to put their country's name in the one, two, three of Olympic placings. They are happy, natural teenagers who are their country's ambassadors of sport.



ABOVE: One of the youngest competitors, Australian swimmer Alca Colquhoun, aged 14.



RIGHT: German freestyle swimmer Kati Jansen enjoys a meal at Olympic Village.



ONE of the few girls with long hair is Deirka Kreiriska (long jump, Poland). She wears her hair in a plait.



SOUTH AFRICAN swimmers watch the raising of their country's flag. From left are Jeannette Myburgh (16), Natalia Myburgh (16), Susan Roberts (17), and Moira Abernethy (17).



JUST OUT OF THEIR TEENS, 20-year-old Italian gymnasts Luciana Lagorara (left) and Miranda Cicognani dry their laundry outside their village home.



No more chafing and soreness now. His mother has used gentle 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly to protect him from nappy rash. Smooth on this "wonder jelly" every time you change your baby's nappy. 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is a first aid kit in a jar—heals cuts, soothes burns, cools sore feet. Available from all chemists and stores.



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Economy jar — 3/9
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it's new . . .

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Lightly touch the top, and pouff . . . a fine mist of Gardenia Skin Perfume. No hand can touch you so subtly, so delicately with fragrance as the refreshing caress of an Aerosol Spray. It's new, it's exciting. Brought to you by Potter & Moore in a long-lasting bottle packed in an elegant gift box

16/9

**Gardenia
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Subtle and provocative . . . the very essence of the flower captured by Potter & Moore in the caressing magic of Skin Perfume. Caress your skin with Gardenia, use a drop in your bath, it puts an invisible corsage of loveliness on you. In attractive sprinkler-top bottle, boxed ready to give

10/3

**Gardenia
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4/11

Gardenia Toilet Soap

Moulded in the shape of the flower and touched with its romantic perfume, Gardenia Toilet Soap by Potter & Moore holds its fragrance right down to the last thin sliver. Three long-lasting cakes in a beautiful gift box

9/6



Gardenia Gift Set the gift of Romance. Gardenia Skin Perfume, Talcum Powder and Toilet Soap in beautiful presentation box . . .

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EVEN WHILE YOU WORK



BEFORE
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Rub in



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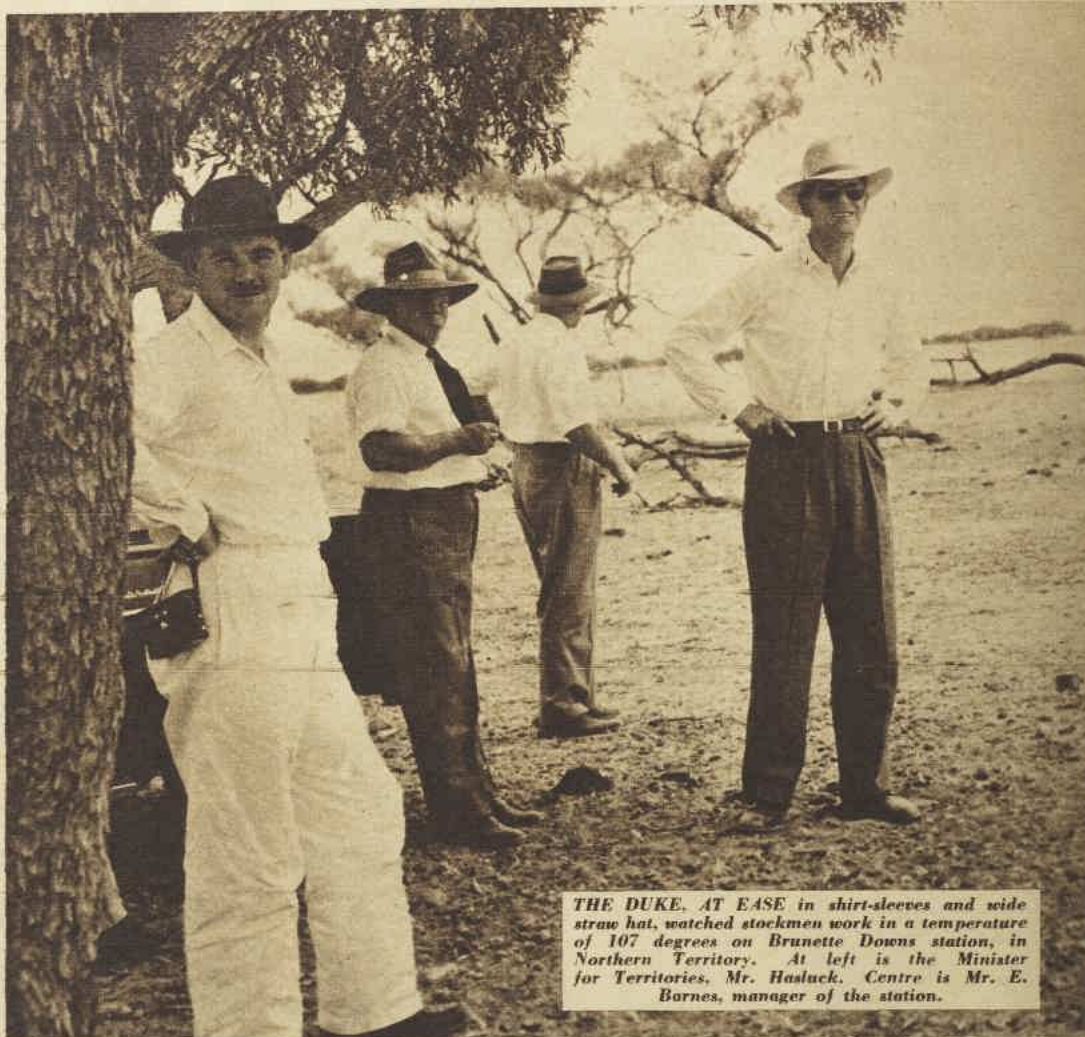


FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF IRRITATIONAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS - IT'S PURE"

Page 10

Outback informality for Duke's tour



THE DUKE, AT EASE in shirt-sleeves and wide straw hat, watched stockmen work in a temperature of 107 degrees on Brunette Downs station, in Northern Territory. At left is the Minister for Territories, Mr. Hasluck. Centre is Mr. E. Barnes, manager of the station.



AFTER READING THE LESSON at the Flynn Memorial Church, Alice Springs, the Duke of Edinburgh spoke to members of the aboriginal choir, who flew 300 miles from Ernabella Mission station for the service. Aged between 13 and 22, the choristers all belong to the Pitjantjara tribe. The Duke stayed overnight at Alice Springs, and later flew to Canberra. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson, who is travelling with the Royal Party.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 28, 1956



ON BOARD H.M.S. NEWCASTLE. Simone Pirene (left), Lieut. George Cooper, R.N., Philippa Curlewis, and Lieut. Nigel Berlyn, R.N., at a cocktail party held on board the cruiser during its four-day visit to Sydney. The ship is now in Melbourne for the Games.



A GUST OF WIND caught the veil of Mrs. Nick Romalis as she left All Saints', Woollahra, with her husband. The bride was Barbara Holliday, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Roy Holliday, of Kensington, and Nick is the son of Mr. A. Romalis and the late Mrs. Romalis.



ENGAGED. Tom Reynolds and Jennifer Roche have announced their engagement. Jennifer is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. K. Roche, of Edgecliff, and Tom is the only son of Mr. A. H. L. Reynolds, of Madang, New Guinea, and the late Mrs. Reynolds.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ONE of the most glamorous events of the Olympic Games fortnight in Melbourne will be the exhibition of flower arrangements at "Yarrien," the Toorak home of Mrs. H. F. Creswick, on November 29.

Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Woollahra, who is noted for her beautiful flower arrangements, will contribute a sample of her work for the exhibition.

Mrs. Blaxland is staying with Mrs. Everard Baillieu, at Toorak, for the Games.

So that Olympic visitors may see Australian flowers, a preview party will be held on the evening of November 28. This will be attended by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.

The exhibition will aid the Rose Day Appeal for free kindergartens.

WHEN they return from their motoring honeymoon in Tasmania, newlywed Agnes and Fred King will have a very busy time painting and decorating the new home they are building at Collaroy.

VOYAGING to England on board Orcades are Janet Sillar and Mary Thompson, both of Cheltenham. They plan to buy a little car in England and will drive it through Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. Janet and Mary were both dental nurses at the Dental Hospital in Sydney, and they are looking forward to meeting some of the dentists who are now in England.

THE Bob Stephens gave a small party at their Edgecliff flat to celebrate the engagement of their only child, Mary, to Allan Coogan. Allan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Coogan, of "Aroombal," Tenterfield. Mary and Allan are already making plans for their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 28.

VERY thrilled at the arrival of a baby brother are Jane (aged four-and-a-half) and Sarah (two years) Litchfield, of "Hazeldean," Cooma. James William are the names chosen by proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Jim Litchfield. Mrs. Litchfield was formerly Barbara Fraser, of "Eulo," Darling Point.

A DATE for your diary . . . December 13, for the annual Christmas party for members of the Purple and Gold Club. The party will be held in David Jones' Restaurant. The Purple and Gold Club was the wartime 2/30th Battalion Comforts Fund.

BRIEFLY . . . Mrs. Vivian Bradley-Atcock, of Gladesville, is receiving lots of letters from her daughter Pamela, who married Englishman Patrick Holmes in London.



PARTY IN MELBOURNE. Guests of honor Viola Meeks and her stepbrother, Henry Creswick, lighting one of the candles at "Yarrien," the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Creswick, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Alec Creswick, of "Kent Park," Ferntree Gully, were hosts to the young people's friends. Viola is the daughter of Mr. Harry Meeks, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Alec Creswick.

AUSTRALIAN lass Gloria de Stefanis, who is a secretary at the Australian Embassy in Washington, U.S.A., has announced her engagement to Paul Sullivan, of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. And as today, November 22, is American Thanksgiving day, Paul's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Sullivan, are giving a formal dinner party at their Boston home to celebrate the engagement. Gloria has been overseas for 21 months, and has been working in the Embassy for nearly 12 months. Gloria's mother, Mrs. R. de Stefanis, of Rodd Point, tells me that the young couple plan to marry in Boston next February . . . they will honeymoon in sunny Florida.

FROM England comes news of the engagement of attractive Sydney lass Ann Dunlop to Englishman Trevor Potts. Ann, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlop, of Bellevue Hill, has been overseas for 14 months and will return home in December. Trevor is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Potts, of Westerham, Kent.

LOOKING cool and crisp at the finals of the New South Wales tennis championships at White City was Mrs. Reg Fountain, of Rose Bay, who wore a shirtmaker dress of black-and-white printed cotton with a high-buttoned collar.

Anne



TENNIS SPECTATORS. Joanna McCathie (left) with her sister, Mrs. Ken Chapman, and tiny niece Judy Chapman at the finals of the N.S.W. tennis championships at White City. Joanna arrived home two weeks ago with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken McCathie, after travelling for eight months—through America, England, and Europe.



THE HOME TEAM



HURDLER Shirley Strickland, of Western Australia, is Australia's strongest hope in the 80 metres hurdles.



JAVELIN THROWER Mrs. June Heath, of N.S.W., was runner-up in this year's national championship; holds national record.



SPRINTER Marlene Mathews, of New South Wales, is entered for both the 100 and 200 metres events.



LONG JUMPER Erica Willis, of N.S.W., is the Australian national champion. But she does not seem to offer any serious threat to the Russian and Polish long-jump stars.



HURDLER Norma Austin (Mrs. Thrower), of South Australia, beat Shirley Strickland in this year's Australian Championships. She has strong chances of reaching the finals.



HIGH JUMPER Carol Bernoth, of Queensland, spent most of last year in hospital with a back injury, and has been working her way back into form since last December.



DISCUS THROWER Shirley Cotton, of N.S.W., was runner-up in the Olympic Trials. Her Australian discus record was broken by Victorian Lois Jackman, who won the trials.

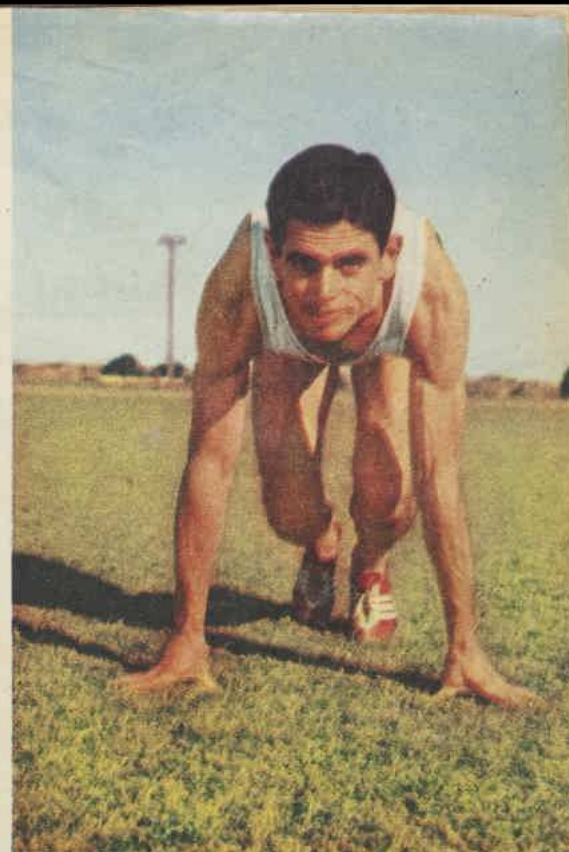
Some Australians in the Olympic Gold Rush



RUNNER Kevan Gosper, of N.S.W., will compete in the 400 metres. He holds the local record for this distance.



SPRINTER Hector Hogan, of Victoria, is joint world record holder for 100 yards with the time of 9.3sec.



RUNNER Jim Bailey, of N.S.W., is entered in the 800 and 1500 metres events. This year he beat John Landy.



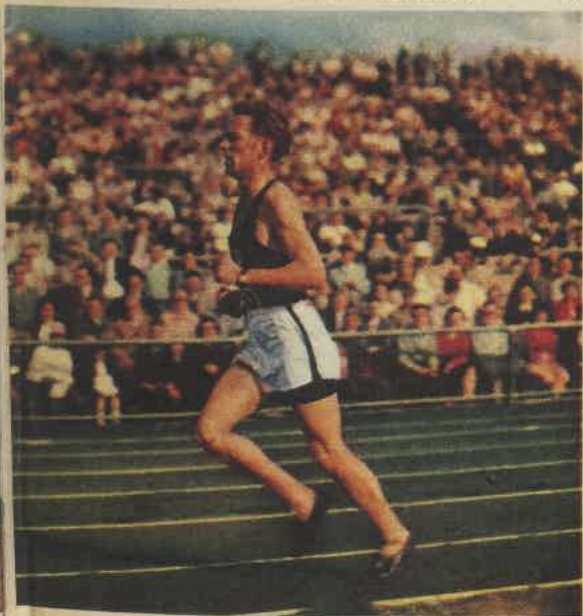
RUNNER Albert Thomas, of New South Wales, who will compete in the 5000 metres event.



HIGH JUMPER Charles Porter, of Queensland, is the Australian champion, and could cause a surprise in the Olympic high jump event.



RUNNER John Landy, of Victoria, will compete in both the 1500 and 5000 metres races.



DISTANCE RUNNER Dave Stephens, of Victoria, ex-holder of six-mile record, will contest the 10,000 metres.



RUNNER Alan Lawrence, of N.S.W., will run in the 5000, 10,000 metres.



MARATHON runner John Russell, of New South Wales, beat Keith Ollershaw in the Olympic Trials. He has only recently struck Olympic form.



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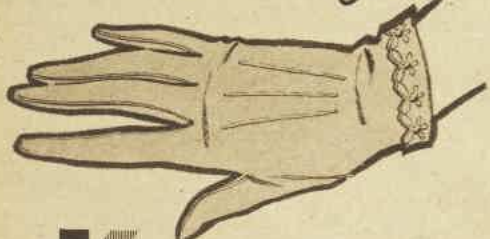
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PAN AMERICAN



Continued from page 7

Five sports for women at Games

Swimming will be the Australian women's strongest event, possibly yielding two or three gold medals and even more minor placings.

IN the classic 100-metre sprint, Dawn Fraser, Faith Leech, and Lorraine Crapp could well fill the first three places, thus making the first swimming grand slam for Australia.

This will be the Australian women's strongest event, possibly yielding two or three gold medals and even more minor placings.

Americans Shelley Mann and Nancy Simons, South African Natalie Myburgh, and Hungary's Vali Gyenge and Zsuzsa Ordogh may be others worth watching.

In the 400 metres freestyle, Lorraine Crapp stands out like a field-marshal among recruits.

Her repeated swims under five minutes make it hard to imagine that she can be beaten.

Dawn Fraser and Sandra Morgan should also make the final, with Fraser a very possible silver medallist.

Vali Gyenge, of Hungary, France's Helga Frost, and the American Sylvia Ruuska should also make the final.

In the 200 metres breast-stroke event, Australia will play second fiddle. Two Germans, Eva Ten Elsen and Ursula Happe-Krey, two Hungarians, Eva Szekely and Klara Killermann, and America's Mary Sears are all many seconds better than the best Australians—Barbara Evans, Betty Sykes, and Lynette Whillier.

The 100 metres butterfly is a new Olympic event and may bring American victory. Shelley Mann, the most talented member of the famous Walter Reed Army Hospital Swim Club in Washington, D.C., is the world record holder and also the most popular choice for this title.

Fellow-American Mary Sears, Hungary's constantly improving Maria Littomerickzy, and Germany's veteran Jutte Langenau will be opposing the fabulous Mann.

Australian Beverley Bainbridge has been slicing seconds off her time ever since last January and could do better than generally expected.

The 100 metres backstroke

is the most open of all women's events.

The two English stars, Margaret Edwards and Judy Grinham, could win without causing the faintest surprise.

Hungary will rely on unpredictable Eva Pajor, Germany on Helga Schmidt, America on Carin Cone, South Africa on title holder Joan Harrison, and New Zealand on Jean Stewart and Phillipa Gould.

Australian Georgina Beckett is not far behind the world standard, and, with a bit of luck, could make the final.

The Australian 4 x 100 metres relay team, based on Fraser-Leech-Crapp, and either Jan Munro or Elizabeth Fraser, will start a distinct favorite for this classic event.

On paper-form all other teams are at least two seconds slower than the Australian quartet.

The U.S.A., Hungary, and Germany may fight for the minor places.

In the springboard diving, defending champion Pat McCormick, of the U.S.A., and team-mates Jeanne Stunyo and Barbara Sue Gilders are outstanding. In the platform diving, Pat McCormick and Paula Myers could finish well up on the list. Their only serious rivals will be the Russian and German women.

Australian champion Barbara McAuley, a veteran of many international meetings, and Empire champion, could cause a pleasant surprise.

FENCING

At least 10 women, representing half a dozen countries, appear to have equal chances for the individual foil title, the only fencing event open for women at the Olympics.

Italy will send a strong team, possibly including Helsinki winner Irene Camber. Her compatriots, V. Cesari, A. Colombetti, and S. Struckel, are also in top class, particularly young Colombetti, one of the "secret favorites" for Melbourne.

The French quartet will be champion Renee Garilhe,

Maillard, Veronnet, and either Delbarre or Lecomte.

The always-dangerous Hungarians have not brought out with them their great veteran, 1936 and 1948 Olympic champion Ilona Elek, now 49, who seems to have lost her once-famous speed and sharpness. However, their 22-year-old star, 1955 world champion Lidia Domolky, Mrs. M. Kovacs, and either Z. Morvay or another will make just as strong a team as the Italian.

Denmark's hopes are pinned on experienced Karin Lachmann, while Germany's two best-known fencers, Hohle and Keydel, also seem to have good chances. Austrians F. Filz and E. Preiss, English M. Glen-Haig and G. Sheen, and the two Americans M. Mitchell and J. York also belong to the world elite.

A new force in women's fencing is Russia, which last September won the teams' world championship in London, causing the biggest sporting upset of the decade.

Their mainstay is much-improved N. Schitikova, but the others in the team are not much behind her.

Australia's greatest hope is Sydney fencer Mrs. J. Hardon, who has won several national and State titles under her maiden name of Joy Brooks.

Another Sydney girl, Lois Joseph, and Queenslanders Denise O'Brien will be the other members of the team.

KAYAK

A Saarlander, competing in German colors, will be hard to beat in the 500 metres kayak singles, the only kayak or canoe event arranged for women at the Olympics.

She is Therese Zens, a 23-year-old pottery designer from Mettlach, near Saarbrücken.

Her greatest rivals will include two Danes, Nilsen and Svendsen, the French Marion, the German Amail, the Czechoslovakian Dusilova, and Hungary's Mrs. Berkes. The Finnish, Swedish, and perhaps the Russian women also look dangerous.

At the last Olympics the event was won by Finland's S. Saimo in 2min. 18.4sec. This time is almost certain to be broken not only by the eventual winner but even by the place-getters.

Australia's entry will be Sydney girl Edith Cochrane, who is reported to be in top



LEFT: Hungarian swimmer Eva Szekely looks over the family album with her husband. ABOVE: Helga Schmidt, of Germany, gives a big smile at the end of a race.

form and condition. However, it is more than likely that she will find Fraulein Zens much too good and experienced for her. Even a place in the final would be a great success for the Australian champion.

GYMNASTICS

This sport promises to be the happy hunting ground of the sensational Russian amazons, who display man-like agility and fairy-like acrobatics with ease, grace, and a business-like expression on their faces.

At the Helsinki Olympics the Russian women won the majority of the gymnastic events. This time they are out to win them all.

Their foremost stars are Manina, Latitina, Gorohovskaya, and Bocharova—with hardly any difference between them.

Manina is particularly overwhelming in the free floor exercises and the horse vault (also known as "long horse"), while Bocharova's main strength lies in the difficult beam exercise.

Either of these two is likely to win the combined individual event, blue ribbon of the gymnastics.

Czechoslovakia's Eva Bosakova, great hand at the beam and floor exercises, will be a formidable opponent, but so will Poland's Eva Rakoczi, Rumania's Elena Leustean, Hungary's Agnes Keleti, and Japan's fragile world champion, Miss Tanaka.

Keleti could surprise the Russians in the parallel bars, while Tanaka could score well in the beam contest.

However, Russia is strongly favored to win the teams' competition, which is made up by the performances of the individual gymnasts and their point scores.

The Swedish team will fight for the women's team drill event against the Russians, Germans, Czechs, and Hungarians. This event is rather distinct from, yet still related to, the curriculum of the individual gymnastics.

Australia is not likely to field a team at all. Gymnastics, one of the most spectacular of all sports, is almost unknown even among Australian men, let alone women.

Officials ardently hope that the Olympic Games will give the long-awaited impetus to gymnastics in Australia.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

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STIRLING MOSS has never had time to marry, he says, but he is constantly seen in the company of glamorous women. Here he helps his companion out of his car on his way to a West End night-club.



A speedster the girls can't catch

Stirling Moss, famous racing driver, will compete in the Australian Tourist Trophy during the Olympic Games in Melbourne. Before he left London, he gave us a supercharged interview.

From HAROLD DVORETSKY, in London

STIRLING MOSS is a young man in a hurry, so much of a hurry in fact that he just hasn't had time for marriage.

Since he hit the top six years ago—he's only 27 now—his name has been romantically linked with at least ten beautiful women ranging from film stars to socialites.

But each time the gossip columnists have been proved wrong.

Fast-talking, green-eyed Stirling, who thinks fast, drives fast, and whose rise to fame was equally meteoric, has something to say about these prophesied marital relationships:

"They cost me a fortune," he says.

"Each time I get romantically linked with one girl it means I've got to take out half a dozen others to prove the prophets wrong. And that costs money."

When he gets time out from his business, Stirling Moss Ltd., his driving (he does 50,000 miles a year racing), and his travelling (he flies 100,000 miles a year to meetings all over the world), Stirling likes to hit the high spots. But he seldom smokes and never drinks—"Except a small whisky just before going to bed—if I'm getting a cold."

When I telephoned him he was in the midst of an always crowded day.

"Can spare you two hours next Tuesday," he said. "I'll meet you here" (in his tiny

office that he shares with a pretty secretary and his manager, Ken Gregory). "We'll race over to the flat so I can throw some gear together. Then we'll come back here and I can change for the theatre."

I picked him up in my car. He has two of his own, a left-hand drive Mercedes, presented him by that company, and which he runs generally on the Continent; and a specially tuned Sunbeam Rapier.

Did he mind driving with someone else? I thought I saw his foot push down into the floorboards. But perhaps I was wrong.

We made the flat in Fulham without any gasps, sighs, or whistles. Stirling bounded out, grabbed some gear he'd thrown in the back seat, and sent his lithe 164lb. body leaping up three flights of stairs.

As we entered the flat he pointed out a trophy here, a plaque there, a gold clock, a gold medal—he'd won them all. He hurriedly answered questions about them in that quick staccato style reminiscent of the open exhaust of a well-tuned racing car.

He rushed off and returned with a suitcase piled high with gear.

Packing accomplished, the dynamo sat down. I asked him where it all began.

When he was 16 his dad, a successful London dentist and amateur farmer in Tring, about 30 miles from London, allowed him to buy a three-wheeler Morgan car. He paid

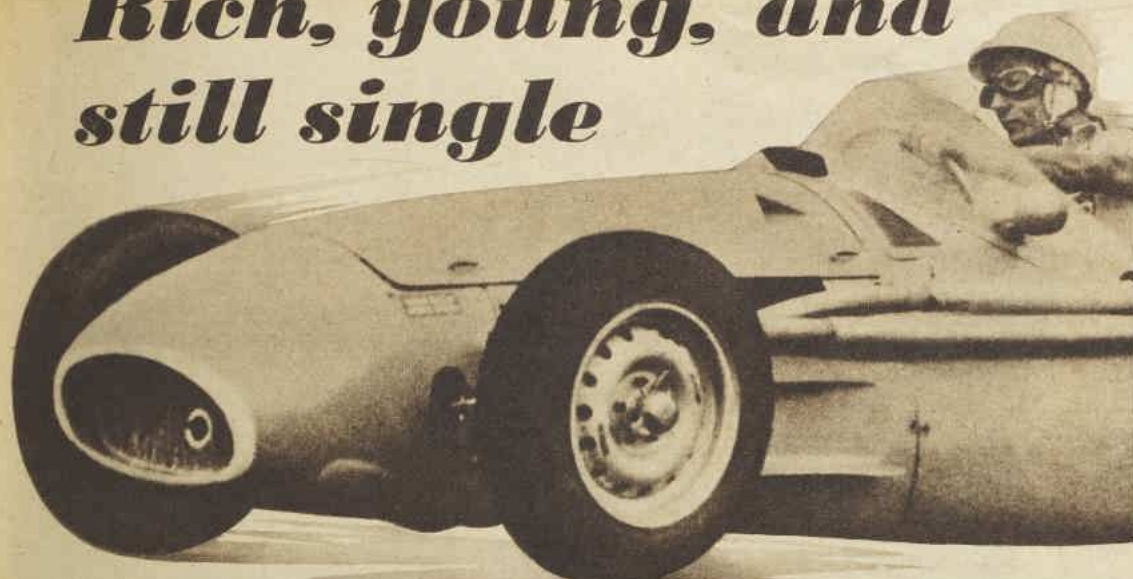


TROPHIES. Moss has plenty of them. He is one of the world's greatest racing drivers, began racing at 17.



PACKING. Moss, who has driving engagements all over the world, has become expert in packing a bag for rapid trips to Monte Carlo, Italy, or even South America.

Rich, young, and still single



AT THE WHEEL: Moss driving a Maserati recently in Monaco, where he won the 1956 Monte Carlo Grand Prix.

£A125 for it from money he had won show-jumping, and by selling his childhood toys. Since he was ten he and his sister Pat cleaned up cups, trophies, and championships in the show ring.

Before that, father Alfred, a successful pre-war racing driver, the only Englishman to take part in two of the famous Indianapolis Road Races in the United States, had bought his son an old Austin 7 for £15.

Stirling stripped it down, rebuilt it, and taught himself to drive. He played all around the farm, learning to corner, adding to his zest for timing and perfect balance.

At 16 he could get a licence to drive a 3-wheeler on the open road.

But the Morgan wasn't fast enough. At 17 he'd talked his father into allowing him to buy an M.G. Then secretly he put £50 down on a 500c.c. racing car. Father Alfred found the cheque butt — the deal was off.

The M.G. was "quarantined."

"I had to go and meet my girl-friends on my bicycle," said Stirling.

Later there was compromise. Stirling got back his M.G. and was allowed to buy his first real racing machine—a 1938 B.M.W., with a top speed of 100 m.p.h. He was then 17.

In 1947 this was followed by a Cooper 500, which he tended with the aid of a friend in a local garage.

In 1948, with hill-climbing again regaining popularity, Stirling shot to the top. He literally thrashed the veterans, winning 13 of 15 starts—and he was forced out with engine failure in the other two.

Stirling Moss had arrived. At 19 he talked to his father about turning professional. Alfred wasn't sure.

He put it to his son this way: "Try it for 12 months and see how you go. If you're no good then, a year from your life at your age can't hurt."

Stirling had been training to become a publican. Then when his hours began interfering with his weekend hill-climbing he worked a five-day week on his father's 130-acre farm, getting up at 4 a.m. to milk cows, tend chickens and pigs.

Alfred Moss knew that pre-war there'd been only one full-



IN OFFICE, Moss with his manager, Ken Gregory, and his pretty secretary. Moss netted £A25,000 last year.

time professional racing driver in Britain; that motor racing in England was just beginning to make a comeback—but it looked like a very strong comeback.

In his first year as a professional he netted £5000 sterling gross.

Today his yearly gross income from racing is around £20,000 sterling.

He raced for Jaguars and Aston Martins in sports cars, in Ferraris and Maseratis in Grand Prix events. Some of his greatest successes were with the German Mercedes-Benz racing team partnering world driving champion Fangio.

His aim in life is to win the world championship in a British car. He thinks that is not far off.

But the minutes had flown. We were talking about food. "I like food, like cooking, too," said the dynamo. "Want to see my kitchen?"

He was half-way there anyway. He has a modern kitchen with everything electric, including an American rotogrill, of which he is very proud.

Then there was a knock at



COOKING. Moss is an excellent cook and likes nothing better than a dinner he has cooked himself in his flat.

the door. It was a chauffeur with his new Sunbeam. We raced down the stairs. By this time he had me running.

Three small boys pounced on him as he toured around the new car. He quickly signed autograph books, posed for a picture, and we were off heading back to the office.

There were messages galore. Manager Ken Gregory had the plane tickets for Venezuela and Australia and back to England, £1283 worth.

He changed into his evening suit and went off to pick up his latest "romantic attach-

ment." I met them for photographs after the theatre and before they went to a night-club. I thought he might have slowed down by then.

But I was wrong. We had that picture in two minutes flat, and the big green Mercedes, complete with the beautiful girl, was racing off down the Strand.

"See you when I get back from South America and Australia," he yelled from the driving seat. I didn't get time to answer. It'll take me until he returns to get my breath back anyway.

"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Priehard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.




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"We cleared our land of jungle growth.."

You'd never guess it from this picture, but Bob and Vera live in the same street as Gordon and Madge. Bob and Vera are new arrivals and, as you can see, their land was literally a jungle. They anticipated days of backbreaking effort clearing it, but Gordon came to the rescue and lent Bob his Victa. With the Victa it was a walkover... bracken, paspalum, even blackberries were "downed" in no time. Since these photographs were taken Bob has also become the proud owner of a Victa.



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Yes, the Victa Rotomo is the ideal mower for all Australian homes—that's why it is, by far, the biggest seller in Australia to-day. See the Victa in action—ask your local agent for an obligation-free demonstration.



WORTH REPORTING

NEARLY 50 of Britain's most talented chefs, plus their wives and families, are now living at the Olympic Village and in nearby hostels.

They are the biggest group of cooks ever to leave Britain at the one time, and include experts on pastry, salads, poultry, meat, fish, and desserts.

The chefs are all migrants. They are in Australia under a special scheme sponsored by the Olympic Games Federation, 1956, and the Australian Immigration Department. All have been guaranteed positions in the catering industry at the end of the Games.

William Galea, formerly of Camberwell, London, is a special sauce cook at the Games. He and his wife, Irene, and their two children, Barbara and Clive, hope to own a delicatessen store of their own some time in the future.

Cake-making and icing is the specialty of Mr. Stanley Brooks, also of London.

"Your Australian variety artist Maggy Fitzgibbon, who is now starring in the cabaret at the Pigalle Cafe, where I used to work, gave me the real lowdown on the set-up down under," he said with a smile.

William McCleave brought his pretty blond wife, Ellen, and his three children, David, Brian, and Susan, to Melbourne with him.

He formerly worked as a general chef in the kitchen of one of London's big hospitals.

Mr. McCleave is specialising in salad and grill preparations at the Games, and hopes one day to own his own cafe.

Another of the British chefs, Mr. R. P. Palmer, has been in the catering business since the age of 14. He served his apprenticeship in Hungary, and went to work in London in 1936. Since the war he has worked as head chef at Pinewood film studios, where he prepared dishes for Joan Crawford, Charlie Chaplin, Tyrone Power, and Lloyd Nolan.



"**M**OLY 16" is the dial call for a central information bureau in Melbourne during the 16th Olympic Games.

A cosmopolitan inquiry panel on duty at the bureau has been trained to answer every imaginable query that can be expected from Olympic visitors.

The bureau has lines direct to the main stadium, the civic information centre, the Olympic Village at Heidelberg, and the offices of the Olympic Organising Committee. An interpreter service at the bureau assists people speaking other languages to send cables or make trunk calls.

This is just one of the many innovations in the communications field prepared for the Games in Melbourne. Mr. J. A. O'Shannassy, Supervising Engineer for Olympic Communications, said that preparations have been under way for four years.



ANOTHER "Olympic baby" thought up by the P.M.G. designers is a "lip microphone."

"We couldn't have rows of commentators chattering into mikes, some in different languages, all at once, and still keep the peace," said Mr. O'Shannassy, "so we will issue these small mouthpieces to each man. His voice will not escape outside it to confuse the man alongside him."

A special postal service for visitors who do not speak English has been set up in the new Russell Street Post Office, staffed by a big number of linguists.



THE Games has certainly speeded up service in Melbourne stores.

A colleague went into one store the other day carrying several parcels. A floor-walker came up and asked if she would like to leave the parcels with him while she looked through the store.

Then when he discovered that she was a visitor to Melbourne he said he would have the packages delivered to her hotel the same afternoon.



A MELBOURNE schoolmaster and his wife have produced an exciting children's recording entitled "Animal Olympics," and are presenting one to each visiting Olympic delegation.

The producers are Ruth and Peter Mann, of Glen Iris. Melbourne writer Stan Marks wrote the 15-minute script.

The recording begins with King Neptune opening the Animal Olympics with a short speech, in which he tells the crowds that fish have their Olympics also way below the sea.

Competitors in the Olympic Mile include "Len the Lion" and "Zena, the Striped Beauty from Africa." "Keg Koala" and "Hoppy Kangaroo" run for Australia.

A POCKET-SIZED Olympic telephone directory printed in English and French is already proving invaluable to visitors in Melbourne for the Games.

It contains every number connected with the Games, and scores of others that overseas visitors are likely to require.



WHEN the Sydney Symphony Orchestra plays in Melbourne during the Olympic Games it will be the third really great occasion in the orchestra's history.

The orchestra played at the 50th anniversary celebration of the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1951, and gave a Royal Command concert in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1954.

On November 27 and 29 and on December 2 it will play in Melbourne before an audience of many nations. The final concert will be presented in conjunction with the Victorian Symphony Orchestra in a special setting "over the Olympic Pool."

The Australian Women's Weekly, in association with the Olympic Civic Committee, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and the Melbourne "Argus," has arranged the Melbourne visit.

At the November 27 concert the conductor will be Joseph Post, and the soloist Jacob Lateiner. On November 29 the conductor will be Kurt Woess, and the soloist Sena Jurinac. At the final combined concert Sir Bernard Heinze will conduct. Soloist will be Glenda Raymond.



FIFTY-TWO distinctive pictorial postmarks illustrating events at the main stadium, swimming stadium, Olympic Park, and Heidelberg Village are on letters leaving Melbourne during the Games. A special series of stamps is also on sale.

Nice souvenirs for those who aren't lucky enough to get to the Games!

ONE of the smartest women's teams in Melbourne for the Games is the French.

Their "walking-out" uniforms and cocktail dresses have been created by the famous Pierre Balmain.

The suit, in "bleu de France" wool serge, has a slim skirt with an inverted pleat centre back and front. The jacket features set-in sleeves, rather high-cut lapels, and two short splits in the back.

The cocktail dress is in red, white, or blue ottoman silk, and is worn with a chiffon scarf, also red, white, or blue. It is designed in the Empire style, with a deep, boat-shaped neckline and wide-flared skirt.



CHARLES ORNSTEIN, who has been Chairman of the Olympic Food and Housing Committee for U.S. teams at five Olympics and numerous Pan-American Games, expects 6000 steaks to be eaten by the American contingent at the 1956 Games.

He estimates that it will cost £3/10/- a day to feed each athlete, and that the total food bill will be about £43,750.

Steak is the most popular food item among the American athletes, according to Mr. Ornstein. But he has also ordered 3000 lamb chops, 2500 chickens, 1500lb. of bacon, 1500lb. of ham, 22,500 quarts of milk, 25,000 eggs, and 7000 quarts of ice-cream.

To cook for the U.S. team at Melbourne, Mr. Ornstein has engaged the services of Swiss born and trained Hermann G. Rusch, who has probably won more culinary honors than any other chef in the world. He is proudest of his Silver Medal of the French Republic, highest honor to which a chef can aspire.

Fifteen cooks, all recruited locally, are working under Chef Rusch's expert eye in the American section of the Olympic Village. They are working hard satisfying the appetites of 340 athletes, 90 coaches, trainers, and others in the U.S. team.

Mr. Ornstein said that from observations at Helsinki he would name the Russian and Scandinavian competitors as the heartiest eaters. However, he thinks the United States has someone to match these nations when it comes to the knife-and-fork event.

"I think Paul Anderson, our world champion weight-lifter from Georgia, can match anyone in the world at eating," added Mr. Ornstein. "Paul is only 5ft. 10in. tall, but weighs 340lb. His ordinary daily diet includes eight quarts of milk, at least six big steaks, a dozen eggs, and the appropriate trimmings."

"Of course, if he has a particularly strenuous day, his appetite will be increasingly sharpened."

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L258

Gallery of overseas champions



HUNGARIAN track pair, Istvan Rozsavolgyi (left) and László Tabori (right), have good chances to win medals in Melbourne. Rozsavolgyi holds the world record for 1500 metres and 2000 metres. Sándor Iharos (centre), who was to contest the 5000 and 10,000 metres events, will not now compete in the Games.



BRITAIN'S great hope for the 100 metres backstroke swim title, 17-year-old Judy Grinham, has clocked this year's fastest time for the distance with 1min. 13.4sec. One of her main rivals in this event will be another English swimmer, Margaret Edwards.



BRITAIN'S 1500 metres hope, Brian Hewson, ran the mile in under four minutes last year, becoming the third Englishman to do so. Hewson, a London tailor by profession, will face extremely strong opposition in this event from the Hungarian track man Istvan Rozsavolgyi. It should be an exciting race.



U.S.A. hurdler Jack Davis established a world record of 13.4sec. for the 110 metres hurdles last June. Davis came second in Helsinki to H. Dillard and wants to go one better in Melbourne.



BRITISH discus thrower Susan Allday is one of Britain's prospects in field events, but may not quite be a match for the Russian and Czech sportswomen.



RUSSIAN field athlete Virre Roolaid will be one of the favorites to win the javelin throw. Her throw of 176ft. 6in. last July is the best this year. One of her strongest opponents will be a Czech.



RUSSIAN hurdler Igor Ilin will be a great threat to the Americans in the 400 metres. Ilin has improved his time for the distance by a full second since last year.



U.S.A. shot-putter Ken Bantum is one of the world's three 60ft. shot-putters. He won the American championship last June, beating top performer Parry O'Brien.



ABOVE: U.S.A. runner Lou Jones, Pan-American champion of 1954, this year set a record for 400 metres. His time—45.2sec.—makes him favorite for this event. RIGHT: Ireland's Ron Delaney has run the mile in under four minutes and will contest the 1500 metres event.



ABOVE: America's "vaulting vicar," Robert Richards, won the pole vault event at Helsinki. RIGHT: U.S.A. diver Pat McCormick will compete in both spring-board and platform diving events in Melbourne.



ABOVE: Javelin thrower Dana Zatopekova, wife of famous athlete Emil Zatopek, won the javelin title four years ago at Helsinki. LEFT: U.S.A. shot-putter Parry O'Brien, 1952 Olympic champion and world record holder, is a great favorite to win the shot-put.



RUSSIAN women athletes Nina Ponomaryeva (discus), left, and Maria Golubnichaya (hurdler) seem likely to win Gold Medals.



RUSSIAN track and field star Alexandra Chudina may start in the high jump and the javelin event at the Games.



BRITAIN'S number one hope for the high jump, Thelma Hopkins, is ex-holder of the world record of 5ft. 8½in., which was broken this year by Rumania's Iolanda Balazs.



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Page 22

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

A PART from neglect of the aged, there is another kind of neglect that strikes a sad note. It is that of children who, educated beyond their parents' standard, become impatient or secretly ashamed of them. They forget their parents could have done as well, or even better, given the same opportunities. These parents who, perhaps, have had very little education, worked and slaved to give their child a university background. Now they find that they and their child no longer speak the same language. After all, being educated does not just mean having a well-filled head and a well-paid job. It also means having the ability to mix with all kinds of people, and a sense of responsibility, appreciation, and gratitude.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Vance, 30 Hawthorn Ave., Ashgrove, Qld.

AS an English migrant with an Australian husband and children and a home in South Australia, nothing irritates me more than to hear other migrants persist in calling the U.K. "home." It seems to me that's a mighty long way to go home each night. After all, home is where the heart is, and if the heart is not here, why stay? One of the first things I did on arrival here was to drop the "home" quickly.

10/6 to Mrs. A. D. Emery, 30 Quintus Terrace, Dover Gardens, S.A.

WHILE I approve of charity fetes and bazaars as a means of raising funds, I am critical of some general shortcomings. Sales of goods often begin before the official opening, and even early visitors do not have a fair selection with so many of the best goods marked "sold" or earmarked by stall-holders. I believe such practices have been responsible for smaller attendances at what used to be very enjoyable functions.

10/6 to "Always Disappointed" (name supplied), Preston's, N.S.W.

A New Australian friend explained to me one of the embarrassments she incurred in learning our language. "I cannot understand sometimes, so ask to be repeated slower," she said. "But people repeat louder, so everyone around looks at me and knows I don't understand." I confess I had been one of the guilty ones.

10/6 to Miss P. Robinson, 98 Mount Bay Rd., Perth.

IT is a shame that most mothers today fail to enjoy to the full each stage of their children's development. They are always longing for the day when the children can go to school and "be off my hands." This is always at the earliest possible age, too. I believe in enjoying each moment of my children's early years, because, after all, once they start school they grow away from us a great deal, and those precious lost years can never be recaptured.

10/6 to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Sale, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IT shocks me to see the way modern housewives set a table. Plastic cloths seem common, or else seersucker cloths that have never seen an iron. Jam goes on in the tin, and generally half the pound of butter on a plate. Sauces never find their way out of large bottles, and serviettes are regarded as something Granny had in her glory-box. How much time would it take to transfer the butter and jam to dainty dishes, and what looks lovelier than a nicely ironed cloth with table napkins to match?

10/6 to Mrs. Alice Glass, Box 648 KK, P.O., Griffith, N.S.W.

Problems of age

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Turner (31/10/56) about the lack of opportunity for aged people living in homes. But it is not only in homes that you find this apathy and lack of interest. It is very difficult to inculcate a spirit of independence or an appreciation of the life about them in persons over 70. These are things that are learned early in life. We all know aged people who have lost interest, and are bored, and others, with perhaps real disabilities, who are cheerful and helpful. It is mainly a matter of character.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Perry, 53 Balmoral St., E. Victoria Park, W.A.

Family affairs

OUR small son suddenly decided he wanted no more afternoon naps. Actually, he could manage a whole day without one, but there was always a fuss at bedtime when he was too tired to eat. We explained carefully how hard his body worked, comparing it with the work done by the baker's horse—his very dear friend. We told him that by the time the baker's round has finished the horse needs a meal and a rest. From then on the small boy was always ready for a rest, though never for a sleep. Of course, after a few minutes resting with a book or toy he would fall asleep without any trouble.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. C.P." (name supplied), Warrnambool, Vic.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN spite of all the triumphs of modern women the sardine tin still has them beat.

Here and there you find a burly, capable woman who has no trouble opening a tin of sardines.

But most of them call piteously for male assistance.

The sardine people, of course, couldn't care less.

They haven't bothered to change their tins since about the year dot.

They're too pleased with themselves for thinking up that clever idea of packing sardines like Sydney tram travellers.

Personally I don't mind hearing a wail from the kitchen: "Please come and open the sardines!"

I swagger out knowing that I'm indispensable when it comes to sardines—or herrings, for that matter.

The first thing I do is have a good look for the key of the sardine tin.

This is sometimes on the shelf where the sardines are kept.

More often it has dropped down among the soap-flakes and kerosene bottles.

We had a grocer once who de-

LITTLE TIN GOD

livered tins without keys. His theme song was "I've locked my sardines and thrown away the key."

But he didn't last long.

If there's no key you have to use a tin-opener.

The sardines get squashed, the oil spills, and the job loses that gracious



touch which is so desirable when serving tinned fish.

Some of my best sardine performances are salvage operations when my wife has run into trouble.

Last week she got the handle of

a key jammed so it wouldn't turn.

I had the tin open in a bare 20 minutes, with the aid of some tools I borrowed next door.

"I've no idea how women open these tins when they are living on their own," my wife said gratefully.

It happens that I know of a case where this very problem arose.

Sophie Smart was a bachelor girl who had renounced marriage for a career.

One night she was giving an elaborate buffet supper to some business contacts.

She intended to serve herrings in tomato sauce.

But when her first guest arrived—it was Cecil Moolah—Sophie was in tears. She couldn't open the tin.

"Give it to me!" said Cecil.

As Sophie watched his masterful methods, love dawned for her.

They were married soon afterwards.

Sophie's family was very pleased, because Cecil Moolah is rolling in money.

Which goes to show it sometimes pays a girl to drag herrings across a man's trail.

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PAN AMERICAN

The verge of war

Women rally in an angry, tense world

● Since British and French troops landed in Egypt, and the brutality of Soviet oppression swamped Hungary in a terrible blood-bath, the world has waited fearfully for the step that would mean total war. Here, from London, New York, and Nicosia, three correspondents describe how women are facing the tension.

In Britain . . .

From ANNE MATHESON

VIVID television pictures of devastation in Egypt and Hungary have brought the full, terrible realities of war right into the living-rooms of Britain.

But the impact of world events at such close range has not unsteadied the nerve of the country's women.

They are not complaining, though rising freight charges, due to the Suez battle, are already pulling harder at the family purse strings.

"This time it's the men who need the sympathy," a woman friend told me during an afternoon at her home.

"They are glued to the radio, the television set and the paper boy at the corner."

She swept away a pile of newspapers from an armchair. "I've never seen so many papers in my life—every edition," she said.

"But you mustn't be too hard on the men—all tensed up after one news broadcast and relaxed after another."

"If only they could be certain of war or peace—instead of this dreadful waiting and not knowing what's going to happen."

Suez scenes

LATER, we drew the curtains and switched on the TV set. Scenes of destruction at the entrance to the Suez Canal swung across the screen.

The cameras moved to Austria and the tragedy of refugees from murdered Budapest.

A baby's cry filled the darkened room. Surely nothing could bring home so poignantly the full horror of war.

And as the cameras showed the battle-shocked lines of tattered, exhausted refugees, the baby's cry drowned the commentator's voice.

"That settles it," said my friend. "There's no argument now."

And like hundreds of other British housewives she left the room to prepare for a boarder—a refugee from Hungary.

Britain has opened her heart to these people. Hundreds of offers to provide homes for the victims of Russian brutality have poured in.

The staff of the Lord Mayor of London's Hungarian relief fund is mostly women. House-to-house collections of clothes for the refugees are being made by women.

Britain has agreed to take 2500 families, and the first arrivals are expected at the end of this month.

Enough accommodation to house all the families was promised within hours of the Lord Mayor's appeal for aid.

The British Army of the Rhine has followed up a large shipment of supplies with another to help the Austrian Red Cross. It includes 30,000 lb. of preserved meat, 30,000 lb. of tinned milk, and 5000 blankets.

In every shop and office there is a "whip-round" to make a happier Christmas for the Hungarians.

The sympathy, of course, is not restricted to the refugees. Television has shown British housewives the long lines of British wounded leaving shell-scarred Suez.

It has shown them, too, the first wounded arriving in Britain—being cared for by women who, in the last war, were themselves the bereaved.

The women of England are not despondent.

"We've done without heat and light before," said one mother of a large family. Oil is getting scarce.

"It's a sombre picture," said a well-dressed woman at the laundrette. Her weekly wash was in the suds and, like every other woman in the place, she was deep in the daily paper.

"We are humbled with admiration at the sight of an entire people ready to die for liberty," she said.

"Our troubles are so small compared to the horrors of Budapest."



ANNA KETHLY, the most prominent woman politician in prewar Hungary. She will put her country's case to the United Nations.



ONLY ONE of the tearful wartime goodbyes on the troop-lined docks at Southampton. This British reservist corporal trying to comfort his weeping wife had been married only two weeks when he was called to the Middle East.

Hungary . . .

From ROBERT FELDMAN

DURING the five days when the world thought Hungarian patriots had won independence from Russia a cry went up in Budapest's Parliament Square.

"Anna Kethly to power! Anna Kethly to power!"

Hearing the chant, Imre Nagy, Premier of the shaky new Government, knew what was required.

Only the presence of the beloved "Grand Old Lady" of Hungarian politics in his Cabinet would reassure the people that he was really on their side, and not secretly with the Russians.

So he sent for Anna Kethly, the 67-year-old veteran Socialist and feminist, who, in 1922, became the first woman in Hungary's Parliament.

He made her Minister of State without portfolio, but Anna needed perspective on her new job. She decided

to make a quick trip to nearby Vienna, where the Socialist International was then meeting.

She went to Vienna by car and there heard the news of the treacherous Soviet counter-attack.

Anna strove in vain to get back to her people, but she ran into Soviet tanks and roadblocks.

On the advice of fellow Socialists she decided to come to New York to plead her country's cause in the United Nations.

Yesterday, after three days of trying, I was shown into the lounge-room of a private apartment where Anna Kethly is staying in seclusion.

Short, white-haired, with sad blue eyes and a complexion that belied her years, she apologised for being unable to smile.

"Smiles do not come easily this week," she said.

"My chief mission is to challenge the credentials of the new Budapest Government of Zoltan-Kadar, and to get



FLEEING from the murder of their homeland, these Hungarians brought only a few pathetic belongings when they crossed the border into Austria.

the U.N. to oust the official Hungarian delegation."

Miss Kethly, like so many Eastern European politicians, knows the inside of a prison.

She was arrested in 1950, accused of plotting with "imperialist Powers," and sentenced to 15 years' gaol.

The death of Stalin brought her release in 1954.

The Communists, meanwhile, were bickering among themselves and, in August, asked Anna to join a Popular Front Government.

She refused.

Soon the people began to talk among themselves. Speaker after speaker, feeling a new strength, condemned Communism.

Open revolt broke out, as the world now knows, when a peaceful street mob, demonstrating solidarity with the Poles in their fight against Soviet domination, was mown down mercilessly.

The vengeance on secret policemen was brutal. Some were hung upside down from street-lamps.

"It is not surprising that the patriots did these things," Anna said. "I was not happy to see this."

"But the people had been so cruelly treated it is no wonder that these things happened in the streets."

Anna Kethly's voice broke and there, in the peaceful Manhattan apartment overlooking Central Park, she put her grey head in her hands and quietly sobbed.



ALL THE TRAGEDY of Hungary is summed up in this picture of an old lady, blinded by tears and exhausted by fear and grief, at a crowded refugee centre in Austria.

... and Cyprus

From CORAL CRAIG

WOMEN in the British community on Cyprus were organised for emergency as soon as the attack on Egypt became imminent.

Wives of Government officials volunteered for 24-hour duty rosters with the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, busy setting up welfare centres and first-aid posts throughout the island.

Other women were detailed to look after refugees, evacuees, or drive ambulances.

Military censorship was imposed on the island, trunkline telephone calls banned, and air-raid precautions broadcast.

One morning we all leapt out of bed at 3 o'clock to the scream of an air-raid siren.

It took hours to find out that it was only a short-circuit in the electrical system.

There are quite a few Australians on this tiny Mediterranean island—about half as big as Tasmania.

Two of the leading civilian organisers in Nicosia are Australians—Mrs. George Sinclair, whose husband is Deputy Governor, and Mrs. Martin Clemens, wife of the Commissioner.

Mrs. Clemens, of N.S.W., was an ambulance driver in England during the last war.

Western Australian Pat Miers, wife of Admiral Miers, Flag Officer Middle East, is busy with Red Cross work at Limassol, from where troops embarked for the Egypt landing.

I met R.A.A.F. Flight-Lieutenants Marcus Robin, of Adelaide, and Stuart McEwen, of Perth. They are navigators on exchange with R.A.F. Bomber Command.

They flew their Canberra jet bomber here from London for action against Egypt.

But under an Air Ministry edict Commonwealth forces are not allowed to take part in the actual operations.

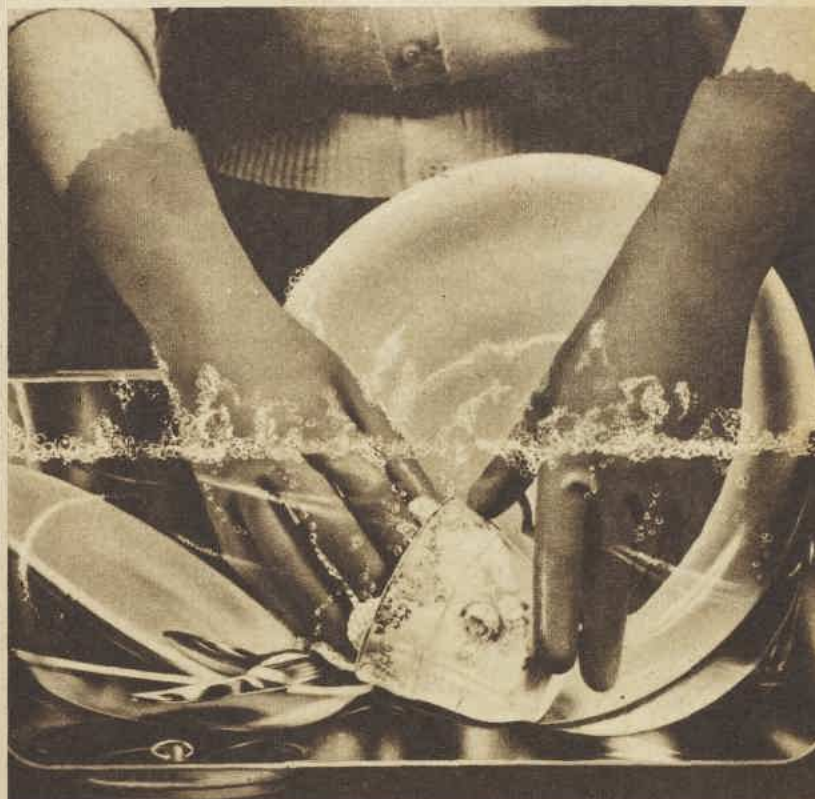
Although Cyprus' own terrorist war has been temporarily overshadowed by the Egyptian campaign, it still goes on.

As I write a low boom in the distance indicates another home-made terrorist bomb—a cocoa tin filled with nails and explosive—has gone off, to remind me of our own little war.



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS wait under guard for interrogation by British and Israeli intelligence officers. They were captured in the battle for the famous Gaza Strip.

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BEAUTY THROUGH POSTURE

By
MARGARET MERRIL

If you are looking for complete self-confidence, poise, and grace of movement, then look first to your posture and see that it is correct at all times. Stand before a mirror, one side to the glass, and with another member of the family to help, check up on your poise. With a piece of string weighted at the bottom, drop a plumb-line from the centre of your head down the side of your body. The line should cut you completely in half. If it does not and your shoulders are sloping or your stomach sticking out, then do something about it at once.

Look to your mattress. Is it firm? A firm mattress is half the battle towards a good posture, especially if you sleep without a pillow. And now shoes. Don't let pride be your downfall and squash your feet into shoes which are too small. Wear half a size larger and see that they fit perfectly. Increase your pose by daily foot care. Remember to soak your feet daily in an antiseptic foot bath, scrub with a brush, dry with a soft towel and then, after oiling with oil of ulan, massage gently, from toes to ankles.

Lastly relax daily with this exercise. Behave like a rag doll; go all to pieces, relaxing every inch of your body. Then pull yourself together again, shoulders back, waist drawn in and head up. Look how you should sit and stand. By the way, when you go shopping, change your parcels frequently from one hand to the other.

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BUTCH



"Must you rob warehouses, Butch? You could meet such nice people in those suburban estates."

MOTHER



"You can't send me to bed without any supper . . . I'm not your little boy!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

SELDOM has the old slogan "the show must go on" been more apt than this week in Melbourne.

Had world events taken their current turn a few weeks earlier, the Games might possibly have been cancelled. As it was, and is, there is nothing for it but to continue, putting as brave a face as possible on this display of happy sporting rivalry between the nations of the world.

A year ago there were dire predictions that Melbourne organisers would never be ready for the Games. Those predictions are forgotten. Everything is ready.

The organisers deserve all congratulations and a great deal of sympathy for the difficult conditions under which they have to stage their show.

THE idea of a United Nations police force is a pretty one in theory, but it remains to be seen whether it is the slightest use in its present form.

That such a force should be composed of small nations is an idealistic thought.

But big powers who hold big weapons are not likely to be seriously influenced by the force in its present form.

Some time before World War II, H. G. Wells, in one of his spate of prophetic books, forecast the atomic bomb and a situation something like that of the world today.

This book had a happy ending. Wells argued that nuclear weapons were as likely to belong to small, unimportant nations as to big ones. This so upset the balance of power that permanent peace was the only solution.

Sadly enough, Wells, by the time he died in his seventies, had long lost the kind of optimism and belief in mankind that made him write such books.

I SEE by the luggage advertisements that the overnight-bag has a new name. It is now called a junket-bag.

This is, I think, an over-optimistic note to strike on the subject of baggage. It sets a standard for travel which is seldom achieved.

If you think back on all your journeys, holiday or business, you can remember quite a few that qualified as pleasant, but only the rare one which deserved the title of "junket."

In fact, the whole question of baggage is one threaded through with seriousness, and a certain amount of worry.

For air travel, is it or is it not overweight? For train travel, will the porter who wheels it away so casually take it to the right place?

And, in a foreign country, how much to tip the porter? Is it so little as to cause him to throw the bags into the nearest river in disgust? Or so much as to label you the kind of novice who wouldn't be game to make a fuss if they WERE thrown away.

Yes, non-committal names—suitcase, hatbox, carry-all are best—unless, of course, you are rich enough to have luggage for all occasions, and can reserve your junket-bag strictly for junkets.

THE B.B.C.'s Director-General, Sir Ian Jacob, talking of television, discussed the often-made criticism that it wastes time.

"Few of us," he said, "can pretend that we always occupy our evenings profitably." He went on to mention the average pursuits—talking, cards, visiting, or going to entertainments.

Sir Ian is right. You would think, to hear some alarmists talk, that citizens of the pre-television era occupied their leisure exclusively in improving pursuits.

Something like this:

Mother: The children have finished their homework. I've washed up. What's our plan?

Father: I'll spend the next half-hour explaining the Theory of Relativity to you, dear. I got it by the throat last Saturday afternoon instead of listening to the races. At 9 p.m. the Jones' are calling for the weekly forum.

Mother: Oh, goody. What a lovely evening. Poot Mrs. Smith down the road tells me her husband is always wanting to go to the pictures and dances. I'm so sorry for her.

Father: Yes, people do waste an awful lot of time, and life is so short.

Mother (thoughtfully): Yes it is, isn't it? I never thought of that. Darling, I do sometimes wonder whether it would really matter at all if we just wasted a bit of time here and there . . . (Her voice trails off as she sees the shocked look on her husband's face.)

ALOTUS from a seed 2000 years old has bloomed for the first time in the water-lily pond of the National Science Museum in Tokio. A Japanese botanist discovered the seed in a peat bed.

Two thousand years the lotus blossom slept,
And empires rose and crumbled; horror strode
The earth, and was forgotten; millions wept
And dried their tears; laughed, reaped,
and sowed;
All down the vanished years the lotus slept.
Curled in a seed and cased in stone, she lay.
Time tiptoed by and never by a breath
Disturbed her, waiting for a later day.
None knew her secret. Claimed, she seemed, by death.
And was it worth the waking? Who could say?
Her petals cradled on the mirrored sky,
The lotus blooms; two thousand years unfold.
So, scurrying to their graves, the passers-by
Pause, marvelling at beauty as of old—
Eternal, yet as transient as a sigh.

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Film Fan-Fare

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M. J. McMAHON

LOVE ME, LOVE MY (Boxer) DOG



● This invitation comes from pretty English actress Jill Adams, who is pictured here in all her blond glamor and in casual mood. She has recently been in Australia filming "Dust in the Sun," with Chips Rafferty. Jill Adams will soon be seen in "The Love Match" and "The Green Man," both Fox releases.



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which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past! Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient GII, known to science as hexachlorophene.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

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Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teenage skin problems. GII is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

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GII
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Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with GII, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

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MORLEY

New day for Doris

• Vivacious actress-singer Doris Day is as happy as a lark about the big change that has taken place in her screen career. And well she might be.

IT'S not so long ago that Doris, who is blond and lithe, blue-eyed and merry, seemed doomed to typecasting as a wholesome, honest-to-goodness sort of a girl and a singer of popular songs.

Suddenly she found her career gaining a brand-new fillip with offers of completely different work, usually with a song or two thrown in somewhere.

The ball started to roll when Doris made a very good fist indeed of the dramatic singing role of Ruth Etting, the noted torch singer of America's jazzy 'twenties, in "Love Me or Leave Me."

Producer Alfred Hitchcock, that master of filmic suspense, was the next movie-maker to show his confidence in her acting ability.

He gave Doris the feminine lead as the chic and smart wife of James Stewart in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a dramatic thriller.

The round of applause that she received for her work in this film (it is going the rounds now in Australia) must have sounded very sweet to her.

No doubt fired with ambition by it all, Miss Day and her husband, Marty Melcher, once a top Hollywood agent, decided the time had come for them to get on the bandwagon of independent production.

So with Doris as the star and Marty on the finance-production side they made "Julie," their first film.

"Julie" is a suspense thriller with a creepy background in which Doris is smartly turned out in the trim uniform and cap of an air hostess.

As the title character Doris spends a lot of time trying to elude the clutch of her menacing film husband.

He is that Continental charmer Louis Jourdan.

At one stage in the chase Doris has to take over and land a plane after the pilot and co-pilot are shot, a situation that I'm told gives real fliers more laughs than any other.

At the time it was reported



DORIS DAY and her husband, Marty Melcher, take time out to game a sandwich on the set of their own film, "Julie." It's a chase melodrama and Doris is the title character.

by Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper that Doris had fallen under the spell of love scenes with M. Jourdan.

But so far it's only talk. Or maybe the sort of propaganda that results in publicity.

In order to fit herself to play the role of Julie in her own film, Doris trained like an athlete.

"Conditioning," she told me, "is almost as important a part of being a good actress as knowing camera technique or how to gain real understanding of character."

I had slipped out to see her at the Melcher home on Toluca Lake, just outside Hollywood, and found my hostess in the swimming-pool.

"There are not too many straight film parts that require an actress to run for miles, jump out of moving automobiles, climb up cliffs, fall down the stairs, or man-handle aeroplanes," she said.

"But mine did. And d'you

know what? I had to get into shape for it, or else."

To facilitate "operation shape," Doris had a small gymnasium built on one corner of the house.

There she could be found, at an hour each day when most of her friends were still soundly asleep, working out solidly with exercise machines, bars, and the indispensable skipping rope.

But when I inquired if she'd rather go back to singing she said: "Some people don't know when they're well off. I guess I'm one. I wouldn't change for the world."

But she has changed—back to Warners to star in "The Pajama Game," from the Broadway musical.

After that, busy Doris Day goes into the coveted role of Nellie Forbush, the naive U.S. Army nurse in Hollywood's version of "South Pacific."—From Lee Carroll in Hollywood.

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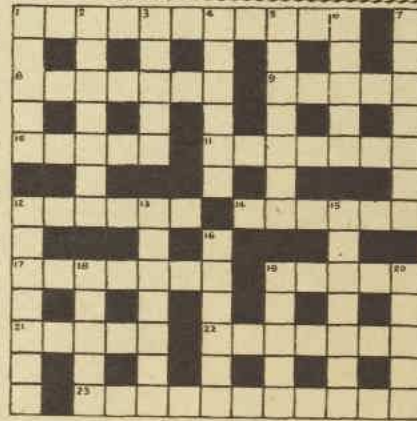
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Records are kept for them (11).
- Delicate scrap kept in file (7).
- Father to use mark to denote break (5).
- Change your anger and use it in the kitchen (5).
- Broken aim able to be lovable (7).
- Answer useful in the laboratory (6).
- To maintain as rest (6).
- Its barb will produce these animals (7).
- It must be a bedtempered, mouse-like animal (5).
- Quality of an instrument often used in detective stories (8).
- Time when smooth mixed gin is the order of the day (7).
- 1 grammatically and egotistically (5, 6).

Solution will
be published
next week.



DOWN

CHAIRMAN STUB
H M U L I A
ABADDON NOTED
PLOTICCA
PEGGANDSPONS
BRIA I M T
ORMUZO GENERA
N O U D L
S SHORTNOTICE
P M R D T M
ABATE AMERICA
R D D M O T
MIEN OPULENCE

Solution of last week's crossword.

- You may forge this batter cake (5).
- A gnat is in opposition (7).
- Gothic arch invite to be charitable (5).
- Ham mixed with ale is pertaining to the blood (6).
- Sleeps with relatives in small towels (7).
- Put and short (5).
- It was our future and it will be our past (7).
- Arbiter (Anagr. 7).
- To reveal bolsterously is to err (7).
- These insects could be used to cover organs attached to your head (7).
- Accept as dispatched (6).
- Hoodwink with a blinker (5).
- This is only a part of the play (5).
- Vehicle for a gown (5).

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DAVID NIVEN

● Charm has brought David Niven success in society and on the screen.

Now television films have set him up in big business. But fame didn't just drop into the lap of this smiling soldier-of-fortune, who once worked as a laborer in a road gang, a cook, a liquor salesman, and a barman.



SCENE from "The Little Hut," in which Ava Gardner, David Niven, and Stewart Granger play the comical castaways. Here Ava and Niven look on hopefully as Granger samples the coconut brandy he has concocted.



DESERT ISLAND TRIANGLE. Niven registers chagrin and disapproval at the film's husband and wife, Ava Gardner and Granger. They look a good deal too cosy for Niven's comfort.



AVA GARDNER wipes the lipstick from David Niven's cheek after she has given him a kiss of greeting in this sequence from "The Little Hut." Looking on in apparent surprise are Niven's parents, played by Finlay Currie and Jean Cadell. They're shocked because they know that Ava is married to David's best friend, played by Stewart Granger.

A RECEPTION was held at Claridges Hotel a few weeks ago for Niven, when he came to London to star in "The Silken Affair." He dislikes large parties, and when he is obliged to attend he prefers them to be kept as informal as possible.

On this occasion one of the film's principal backers, a pleasant old city financier, felt he should make a speech welcoming Niven back to England. An old friend who knew that Niven loathes speeches even more than parties did his best to dissuade the financier.

"I thought I'd succeeded," he says, "but the old boy was stubborn."

With a beaming smile the city financier launched himself into what promised to be a speech of classic length. He was barely into his stride when he made an overlong pause at the end of a sentence.

"It was fatal," said the friend. "Niven filled the pause with a short and witty phrase or two of thanks. He was polite and charming, but in less than half a minute he shut the old boy up like an oyster, and left him nothing to do but smile and sit down."

Niven's ability to get his own way, while tempering his actions with an evergreen charm, has brought him a fortune from the cinema.

As long ago as 1939 he was receiving £40,000 a film. Since the war he has been one of the world's busiest and most-travelled actors. He has made nine American and eight British films since 1947, and has crossed the Atlantic ten times.

Some of these films failed to impress the critics, but Niven kept working. He re-

cently completed "the best role I have ever had," the biggest part, Phineas Fogg, in the Michael Todd production "Around the World in Eighty Days," one of the most costly films ever made.

"The Silken Affair," not yet released, followed immediately, and as soon as that was finished he began work on "The Little Hut" with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger.

A spicy comedy about mixed-up relationships on a desert island, "The Little Hut" was played in Australia on the stage last year.

While Niven's charm still pays big dividends in the cinema, his shrewdness is making him another fortune from television. He is a director with Charles Boyer and Dick Powell of "Four Star Playhouse," which he describes as the second largest television film-making organisation in the world.

They have already made 300 films, and will make another 120 this year. By the terms of their latest contract they receive two million dollars from their sponsors, and the films remain their property.

And, just as his business sense has brought him material success, his debonair charm and lively sense of humor have enabled him to climb to the top of the social ladder. According to friends, he is accepted in the top hundred of London society.

He is popular with the Royal Family. At one debutante party he was talking to Princess Margaret. In the middle of his story he became vaguely aware that although the orchestra was playing nobody was dancing, and there was an air of expectancy in the room. Continuing with his story, Niven suddenly realised what was the matter.

No one could dance until the Princess had taken the floor. "Come on, Ma'am," he said, "this is our cue. We're on."

As soon as Niven lands in England the invitations begin to arrive. He enjoys exclusive society, is a familiar figure around the country's stately homes.

Niven went to Hollywood in 1934, but he has taken great pains to avoid "going Hollywood." He has not taken American citizenship, there is no trace of an American accent or expression in his voice, his clothes remain conservatively English, and he has avoided the flamboyant behaviour often associated with stars.

But he has sometimes indulged a liking for practical jokes. In a ballroom scene in one Hollywood film, dancers refreshed themselves at a silver bowl of harmless fruit punch. During the lunch break Niven laced the punch with half a dozen bottles of

By
REX CRIZELL

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your tune when you wear tutu—
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with the provocative air

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DEBONAIR TYCOON

Film Fan-Fare



ABOVE. Niven and his elegant Swedish wife, Hjordis, with their dogs around them in the home they once occupied in a suburb of Hollywood.

RIGHT. David Niven mixes with British society's top hundred, is popular with royalty. But before breaking into films he had to work as a laborer in order to make a living.

gin. The afternoon's filming was interrupted several times because the dancers repeatedly crowded too thickly round the punch-bowl.

He admits that his sense of humor sometimes gets the better of him.

Niven was educated at Stowe and Sandhurst, and then joined the Highland Light Infantry. The day after he joined the regiment he was asked to turn out for sabre practice with a senior officer, a fencing international who had been buffeting all the subalterns for several weeks.

Niven watched as the officer laid about him with malicious enjoyment. When his turn came, Niven, who had distinguished himself with the sabre at Sandhurst, set his jaw, and in a few moments had disarmed the officer twice. Sabre practice was discontinued the next day.

With similar bumptiousness Niven breezed his way through two years' service with the regiment in England and Malta, giving his serious attention to parties and polo.

He says he soon tired of wearing a tin-hat in the blazing Maltese sun, and sent to London for an exact copy made of papier mache. The deception succeeded until one day a sudden downpour made the helmet sag round his ears and streaked his face with dye.

He ended his peacetime soldiering in his usual debonair manner. Having overstayed his leave once too often, he sent his colonel a telegram:

"Request permission to resign commission. Love, Niven."

He sailed a few days later for the United States "to seek fame and fortune."

In 1939 the war found him in a different frame of mind towards the Army. Still placing his faith in telegrams, he arranged for one to be sent to Sam Goldwyn recalling Niven to his regiment.

Though Niven was by then one of the biggest stars, Goldwyn suspended his contract for the duration.

He returned to the Army, and this time treated it without flippancy.

He served in the Rifle Brigade, the Phantom Reconnaissance Unit, and for a short time with the Army Film Unit. He rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His flippancy returned the day he was demobbed. He collected his demob suit, wrote "Thanks for a lovely time in the signing-off book, and the next day he was filming again.

Today he goes in for a number of sports, including fishing, tennis, spear-fishing, riding, and ski-ing. This activity, plus a conscientious attention to food—plenty of underdone steaks, no bread or potatoes—keeps him looking less than his 46 years.

He has never smoked. His mother promised him £100 if he would not smoke until he left Sandhurst. He accepted the offer, and has never since felt inclined to change.

He intends to make the same offer to his two sons,



David, 13, and Jamie, 10, when they are older.

In his early days in America Niven worked as a laborer in a road-construction gang, as a cook, a liquor salesman, and a barman.

In Atlantic City he promoted indoor pony-racing until a local racketeer announced his intention of collecting 20 per cent. of the net profit.

Niven told him to take a running jump off the roof of the arena. Next day the local tradesmen refused supplies, and within a week Niven was out of business.

When he went to Hollywood and tried to break into films his charm ensured his social success, and he spent his nights at a succession of parties. But it brought him no film work, and he spent his

days working in a laundry, as deckhand on a fishing boat, and as a barman again.

His luck changed when the Royal Navy cruiser Norfolk paid a goodwill visit to California. He secured an invitation from friends whom he had known in Malta to dine on board. The dinner party included Sam Goldwyn and some of Hollywood's most influential men.

One of the ship's officers recalled a party in Malta to which Niven had gone dressed as a goat. Niven seized the opportunity, and used all his charm and skill as a raconteur to keep the guests entertained for two hours.

The party over, a pinnacle was brought alongside to take the chief guests ashore. Niven noticed that it was crowded.

"Don't bother about me, I'll walk," he said, as if he were leaving a party at a Mayfair flat. He stepped over the side and swam ashore. Goldwyn offered him a contract a few days later.

Although a reviewer of his described him as "tall, dark, and not the slightest bit handsome," he rose to stardom within five years under Goldwyn's guidance.

Something of the conscientiousness which lies behind his success, and which he rarely allows to be seen, was shown during the filming of "Around the World in Eighty Days."

All his life he has suffered from a fear of heights.

He had accepted the part of Phineas Fogg when he dis-

covered that some of the action took place in a balloon. Todd told him not to worry: the balloon would be only six feet off the ground.

When the time for shooting the balloon scenes came, Niven was told to report to a hill just outside Hollywood. At a point where the hill dived precipitously to the valley floor he found that Todd had placed the balloon at the end of the 190ft. arm of a huge crane.

Niven felt faint, and thoughts of a stand-in passed through his mind. But there were 2000 Americans on the set, and everything was ready for him. "It seemed to me that I was carrying the weight of the British Empire," he says. He got into the basket.

● Talking of Films—P. 79

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1 CHANCE MEETING of Ruth Wood (Jane Wyman), in scarf, a plain and lonely stenographer, with Art Hugenon (Van Johnson), an exuberant soldier on leave, is a turning point. Ruth likes Art and invites him home to dinner.



2 AT HOME in their drab New York apartment Art meets Ruth's mother (Josephine Hutchinson). Mrs. Wood is a neurotic woman, dependent on her daughter. Her husband, Harry (William Gargan), unseen, deserted them years before.



Miracle in the Rain

★ Playwright Ben Hecht wrote "Miracle in the Rain," a simple story of love and faith, for Warner Brothers.

The picture stars Jane Wyman in another of those demanding roles that this actress seems to have made peculiarly her own. Her Ruth Wood is a lonely young woman who thinks that romance has passed her by.

But she learns differently through a freckle-faced stranger from Tennessee who just happens to be passing by. This is the role played by Van Johnson.

"Miracle in the Rain" is set against the hurly-burly of working-class New York.

3 FINDING a song manuscript, Art plays it over for Ruth and offers to take it back with him to camp to show a friend. She explains that her father wrote it. The following Saturday Art invites Ruth and her friend Grace to the theatre.



4 AT SUPPER Ruth is seen by her father, who plays at the cafe. He does not speak to her. On the way home Ruth buys an ancient Roman coin and, on impulse, gives it to Art for good luck. When he is suddenly ordered to sail, the couple declare their love and plan marriage on his return.



5 LETTER from Art's chaplain arrives after long months of no news, saying he has been killed in action. Ruth contemplates ending it all. But Grace and Mrs. Wood are a tower of strength.



6 GRACE (Eileen Heckart), left, takes Ruth to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where she finds solace. Her visits continue even after a long illness. One bitter winter night as she stands on the steps of the church Ruth is greeted by a vision of Art.



7 OVERCOME, Ruth hears Art tell her that "love never really dies" as he places the coin she gave him in her hand and disappears. She is brought into the church by a priest. In her tightly clasped hand Ruth holds the ancient coin.

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1/PP.3

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Chickens took count at this picnic



GARY (CASANOVA)
COOPER, with a daisy
behind one ear, romances
Audrey Hepburn in "Love
in the Afternoon."

Cooper and Hepburn co-star in romantic comedy

● Gary Cooper, you can take it from me, is heartily sick of chicken. In three days he has eaten 30 chicken legs. "Coop" went through all this poultry during a picnic in the grounds of the Chateau Vitry, a fairytale domain at Gambais, about 30 miles south of Paris.

THE picnic, which he shares with Audrey Hepburn, is a feature of his new film, "Love in the Afternoon," which he is making in France under the direction of the celebrated Billy Wilder.

The reason why Gary Cooper had to gorge so much was that the tender scenes between himself and Audrey took a long time to hit a pitch which satisfied director Wilder, always a perfectionist.

He had them repeat the scene in take after take until he was happy. The woods were littered with drumsticks for miles around.

Fortified with bicarbonate of soda, the cast of "Love in the Afternoon" has now returned from its indigestible country idyll to the relative serenity of Paris. There, at the Studios de Boulogne, much hammering is going on as the French chippies erect the magnificent halls, corridors, and foyers of the famous Hotel Ritz in replica.

Lanky Gary Cooper is burned the color of deep brick from the Riviera holiday he took before going before the cameras in "Love in the Afternoon."

It is a romantic comedy in which Gary plays a rich American who, on a trip to Paris, nurses strictly dishonorable intentions towards the ladies.

He demonstrates these in no fewer than 22 love scenes with 10 attractive girls—all of different nationalities.

Maurice Chevalier, as be-

loved by France as ever, wears a bowler hat instead of his celebrated rakish boater to play a comedy role. He is a private detective who trails Cooper to unmask him as a ravisher of innocence in the form of Maurice's own daughter, played by Audrey Hepburn.

She is a young musician studying the cello at the Paris Conservatoire, and her application slips a bit when Cooper, to whom she poses as a woman of the world, lures her into his sophisticated net—his suite at the Ritz.

Visitors to the set at the Studios de Boulogne are treated to the odd spectacle of the veteran Maurice Chevalier shaping up to Gary Cooper in a corner away from the cameras and slinging punches at him.

Things really haven't come to this between them. Maurice was once a considerable amateur boxer. "Coop" is a boxing fan, too. They talk shop, with actions.

"Coop" drops his guard, blows hard, and says laconically, "Wasn't only chicken we got sick of on that picnic. Wasps, too. I'm full of wasp holes now. Towards the end of it we played all our love scenes smelling of kerosene."

It rained steadily for a fortnight, too, and the sound men threw up their arms and called a halt every time a plane went up from a nearby airfield. And the romantic interludes between Gary and Audrey were orchestrated by the quacking of ducks.

"Say, that's fine!" said Wilder, when the rushes were

shown and he heard it. "Keep those ducks in. Sounds kinda ironic."

Maurice Chevalier and Audrey Hepburn also have reason to be glad to get back to civilised filming in Paris. Says Maurice, in the fruity Parisian accent the whole world knows: "Eet is just seven minutes from where I live to the studio."

And Audrey: "Now it's easier to get through to Mel every evening on the phone to his hotel at Saint Tropez. They're finishing locations of 'Harvest Thunder' down there."

Also starring is a tiny Yorkshire terrier called Assam, who plays such an important role that no less than a fortnight's shooting has been devoted to the scenes in which he figures.

The stars glare suspiciously at the newcomer every time he patters in and takes up his position at his chalk-mark before the cameras.

The film has given a chance also to two lovely British vaudeville twins, Leila and Valerie Croft.

They were appearing in the Paris Lido show, and by utter chance found themselves hired for a comedy sequence in which twins figure.

The rather bewildered sisters even submitted to having their auburn curls bleached for the film roles of Swedish girls, two of the victims of Mr. Cooper.

Sighed Leila, "Who cares? We have a love scene with Gary Cooper!"

Sighed Valerie, "We've always been crazy about him!"

By BILL
STRUTTON,
of our
London staff



ABOVE. Maurice Chevalier, veteran of stage and screen, as the private detective and father of Audrey Hepburn.

LEFT. Cooper's romantic technique is still good, as shown in this shot from the new film. He plays an American adventurer in gay Paris.



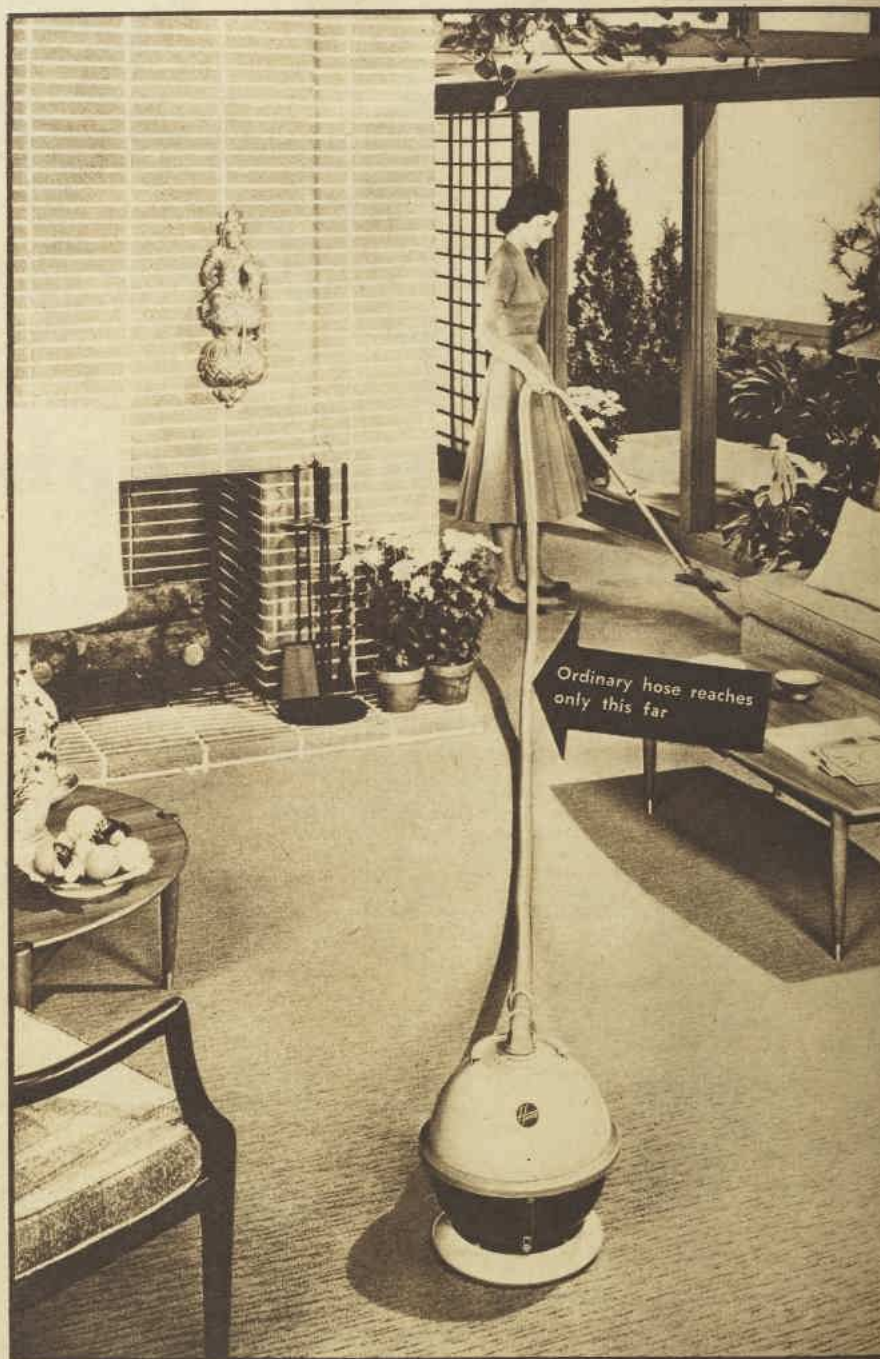
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THE PROVING FLIGHT

Second instalment
of our thrilling
five-part serial

by

DAVID BEATY

THE giant airliner "Emperor Able Dog" has started on her non-stop transatlantic proving flight after a tumultuous send-off from London Airport. She is the pride and hope of Air Enterprise Operations, whose dynamic chairman, SIR JAMES JOLIFFE, is on board with Under-Secretary BROCKLEHURST; PAYTON, the tentative line manager; RILEY, the public relations officer; and DR. ENDERBY-BROWNE.

However, the pilot, ANDREW BELLAMY, is uneasy about the aircraft. He also resents the presence of CAPTAIN CAVENDISH, the chairman's choice as co-pilot. The others on board are hostesses ANGELA KNIGHT and LALETTE GREENACRES, each competing for Bellamy's attention; CRUTTWELL, designer of the Emperor's engines, and EASTLAKE, the air-frame designer, each jealous of the other's work; CHIEF-STEWARD HAMILTON; SEAWOOD, the First Officer; RAWLINGS, the engineer; DOUTHWAITE, the navigator; HOOPER, the radio officer.

After some roughness, the Emperor settles down, but the navigator announces that she is already running late. NOW READ ON:

ALONG the narrow, pink-pile carpet Hamilton walked the cold Atlantic air. With the two girls behind him in the galley, doing the jobs that were suitable to their femininity and lack of seniority, he transformed this microscopic foreign body that had now been floating in the orb of the sky for over three hours into a well-orientated British society.

He was not displeased with the stewardesses who had been assigned to him. Indeed, more than anyone else, he had been responsible for their choice.

Their prettiness, which he viewed with the dispassion of a man whose values had passed to more enduring things, fitted in pleasantly with the dainty newness of the cabin's interior. And their well-behaved efficiency meant that he could forget about them and not have to worry his head about the usual complica-

tions that the more scatter-brained of the girls would have brought with them on to an otherwise all-male outing.

Dinner had been served with a polished precision that had rejoiced him. And now, with the girls withdrawn to the galley for the washing-up, there remained only the serving of the coffee and brandy and liqueurs and the mysteries of the after-dinner masculine half-hour.

Delicately savoring the incense-like aroma of cigars, and with his body slightly bowing over the napkin-wrapped brandy bottle, Hamilton watched anxiously as the Chairman slowly raised the balloon glass to his nose and then to his lips.

"Excellent, Hamilton! Excellent!"

Hamilton sighed with pleasure. Then Angela appeared at his elbow and whispered: "Captain Bellamy has just rung from the rest-room. He doesn't want dinner yet. Just

orange juice. Shall I take it along to him?"

Hamilton pursed his lips. The whole atmosphere of good living and maturity would be shattered by the sight of a tray with a glass of orange juice going through the cabin—and at this hour, too. But on the other side of the flight-deck door was another hierarchy for whose well-being Hamilton regarded himself as equally responsible, and in there, for the time being, Bellamy was king.

"Certainly, Miss Knight! Right away! Oh, and don't forget your clean napkin! Hurry now! Don't keep the Captain waiting!" He sighed gently and rubbed his jaw, reflecting sadly on the difficulties of a man with a foot in two worlds.

Back in the galley Angela prepared the tray carefully. And then, in the few seconds that Hamilton would have used to check his tie

and the folds of the napkin, she dabbed some cologne behind her ears and renewed her already immaculate lipstick. Lalette, the last of the washing-up done, stared gloomily out of the window.

The aircraft was ploughing on steadily into the night.

Ten minutes later she looked at her watch and frowned. Time seemed to be simply crawling along. She was quite glad when Hamilton came in and said, "Captain Cavendish's tea, Miss Greenacres! He'll have finished it now . . . if you would go and get the cups. He'll be wanting another pot in a minute!"

She got up and walked through the cabin. Up front everything was cool and shadowy, as different from the world that the closing door had just sliced away from her as an undeveloped negative from a colored picture-postcard. To the left, with a metal door rimmed like a party

Flanked by Cavendish, with Bellamy and the air hostesses following, Sir James elbowed his way through the packed Reception Hall.

invitation in gold light, was the crew rest compartment. Two paces in front, lit only by the phosphorescent green lights from the instruments, was the flight deck.

Lalette edged her way past Rawlings' massive shoulders to stand behind the dark silhouette of Captain Cavendish. "Have you finished, sir?"

"Ah, yes, thank you."

Lalette took the tray and paused for a moment outside the door of the rest-room. There was no reason, she supposed, why Angela shouldn't stay and chat to Bellamy if she wanted to. He was off duty and

To page 46

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Tuesday the 27th

A complete short story
By ROBERT STANDISH



THE morning of the last Tuesday in May, 1947, was a crucial one in the lives of Albert Simmonds, his wife, Lucy, and their daughter, Carol. This was the last occasion on which they were destined to sit down to breakfast together as a united family in their pleasant little house.

Lucy Simmonds and Carol drank tea, Albert preferred coffee. The fact is unimportant, for, during the twenty-one years Albert and Lucy had been married, there had always been a teapot and a coffee-pot upon their breakfast table just as on almost every other morning of that twenty-one years Lucy had made the same observation.

She now made it again.

"I wish," she said, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "that coffee tasted as good as it smells. But it never does and that's why," she added triumphantly, "I am faithful to tea."

Carol, who was being married that day, was about to say something caustic when she remembered that in all human probability she had heard this observation for the last time. Instead, she waited for her father's time-worn riposte. She had not long to wait.

"It would be a dull world, my dear," said Albert Simmonds thoughtfully, "if we all had the same tastes and ideas."

"I suppose it would," replied Lucy, lapsing into silence. Albert Simmonds—Bert to his wife and intimates—was a small, dapper man, approaching his forty-fifth birthday. Lucy was three years younger. One of her chief pleasures in life was to be told that Carol and she were more like sisters than mother and daughter. Furthermore, it was true. Life had somehow bounced off Lucy Simmonds in much the same way as water is shed by a duck's plumage.

Bert Simmonds looked searchingly across the breakfast table at his wife, wondering in a detached way how he had been able to endure her fatuity for so long. Carol, and no less searchingly, looked at her parents, wondering how they had been able to endure each other for so long, and rejoicing in the knowledge that twenty-four hours hence she and Derek Chadwick would, as man and wife, be breakfasting together aboard ship somewhere in the Irish Sea en route for Canada.

Carol did not dislike her parents. Far from it. They had been unfailingly good to her. She escaped from the breakfast table with the valid excuse that this being her wedding day she had many things to do.

"Bert!" said Lucy after a long silence. "Do you think Carol will be happy with Derek?"

What a banal, idiotic, fatuous question! "If I did not think so," replied Bert, striving to keep the irritation out of his voice, "I would not have consented to their marriage. I expect, Lucy," he continued gently, "that your mother asked your father that question at breakfast on the day you and I were married. I wonder what he replied."

"I've often thought that Daddy was glad to see me go," said Lucy ingenuously. Bert, who was inclined to agree, said nothing.

At 10.45 a.m. the hired limousine arrived to drive the little family to the church. Bert, as the bride's father, played his role competently, if without distinction. Lucy, as protocol on these occasions demands, wept copiously in a front pew.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the bride and groom together with Bert and Lucy left the reception for Euston Station, where the boat train for Liverpool was due to leave at 4.15 p.m.

"You know, darlings," said Carol moistly, addressing her parents at the final moment of farewell, "Derek and I don't want you to feel that you have lost your little daughter. We'd like you to feel that you now have a son."

There was sympathy in Bert's eyes for Derek as he watched Carol hugging her mother. Carol had inherited her mother's passion for the obvious. Derek, happily, seemed an even-tempered sort of chap. Well, it was to be hoped that his temper would stand the strain of a few years of that kind of thing.

"Look after her well, Derek," said Bert, feeling a surge of intense gratitude towards the younger man. With Carol safely married and on her way to Canada the last obstacle had been removed from his path. Conscience now permitted him to put into effect his well-laid plans.

At Euston Station waiting for the boat train to leave, the drawn-out farewells and the false alarms seemed to Bert an eternity. There was a further delay when the train had finally gone because Lucy, too blinded by tears to realise that Carol and her husband were out of sight, insisted upon waving a minuscule handkerchief as though it were the white flag of surrender.

Lucy's sister, Mabel, was waiting for them. She had just brewed a pot of strong tea. Lucy and Mabel had in common a curious metabolism which—especially in



There was sympathy in Bert's eyes for the young bridegroom as Carol and her mother exchanged fatuous words of farewell.

moments of stress — demanded large quantities of tannic acid.

Nevertheless, Bert looked gratefully, almost affectionately, at Mabel. For it had been arranged that after the strain of the wedding Lucy was to stay with Mabel on the south coast for two weeks. They were to start almost at once.

"Do you think, Bert," asked Lucy tearfully, "that you will be able to manage without me for two whole weeks?"

"I'll try, Lucy," he replied patiently, "and if I find myself unable to manage I can send you a telegram."

Then, hustling her into Mabel's little car, Bert kissed Lucy for what he believed was the last time. His feelings for her were curiously mixed. He had no animus against her, no sense of grievance. Indeed, he told himself, he liked Lucy.

With limited equipment she had done her best. She was a kind, ineffective woman. It was neither of their faults if in her presence he suffered a frightening, almost pathological boredom.

Bert had a busy evening ahead of him, so he wasted no time. Bringing down empty trunks from the attic, he packed all his clothes and a number of small portable possessions. He packed neatly and quickly. Then, emptying his desk of everything, he destroyed most of the papers, packing the remainder into a briefcase.

When it was all done Bert heaved a sigh of relief. He found the finality of his tasks stimulating. Feeling the need of a drink he went into the pleasant living-room in

which during the past twenty-one years he had spent most of his leisure hours.

It was here, too, he mused over a meditative whisky and soda, that he had begun to explore Lucy's mind only to find when it was too late that it was a barren territory. It had not been too bad when Carol was young, for the care of a child had kept Lucy fully occupied.

But when Carol was in her teens and able in most ways to shift for herself, Lucy's evenings had become relatively free.

Now, in the retrospect, Bert wondered how he had been able to endure those interminable hours. Somehow, by rigid control of his temper and by bringing home work as a defence, he had left unsaid the cruel, cutting things which hovered on his lips.

He was glad now that he had not said them, for, as he was the first to admit, Lucy was a good woman. She meant well. With his second whisky and soda Bert began to feel quite noble, and it was in this mood that he sat down to write a letter to Lucy:

My Dear Lucy,

I fear that this letter will cause you pain and grief, although I hope sincerely that it will not. Although I entertain for you none but the most kindly feelings I have decided that I can no longer live with you.

You have been a good wife and mother and I have never thought otherwise. It is, simply, that our minds do not meet. The blame — if there is any purpose to be served by apportioning blame — is mine as much as yours. I may say that I reached this decision irrevocably more than five years ago. That I did not then put it into effect

was because I considered that we owed a duty to Carol.

My lawyer, Dick Hayden, has instructions to pay you annually for the rest of your life the income from a sum equal to exactly half my capital. This, together with the income you inherited from your father, should enable you to live in modest comfort. With the remainder of my capital I intend to make a new start in life. I leave Britain tomorrow.

It occurs to me that you may want a divorce. If this is so you have only to tell Dick Hayden, in whose hands I have left evidence — fabricated evidence, I confess — which connects me with another woman. But I would like you to know, my dear Lucy, that there is not and never has been "another woman."

This house, where we have spent twenty-one placid years, is in my name, as you know, but it is yours from now onwards. When I leave here in the morning I shall take the key as a memento.

And now goodbye, Lucy. When you read this I shall have gone beyond recall. Do not think too harshly of

Your affectionate husband,
Bert.

Re-reading the letter, Bert decided that it struck just the right note. He propped it against the clock.

On the dining-room table, covered by napkins, were some cold chicken, a few slices of canned ham, a salad, and a cold apple pie. Bert's thoughts as he ate this simple meal were of gratitude for Lucy's thoughtfulness.

How very much better it was, he mused, to part thus instead of waiting until frayed nerves and sheer exasperation created harsh words and ugly scenes.

Bert found himself wondering how Lucy would behave in a rage. It was strange, but true, that she had never in all the twenty-one years lost her temper beyond the point of mild irritation. Yes, there was, and he admitted it freely, much to be said for Lucy. It was a thousand pities that she was so . . . brainless.

In the morning Bert found the right amount of coffee already in the electric

percolator. All he had to do was to put water in the bottom and plug it in.

The only thing lacking at breakfast was Lucy's wistful wish that coffee tasted as good as it smelled followed by his own banal and timeworn retort.

At 9.30 a.m. Bert telephoned for a taxi, occupying the time of waiting by one last sentimental pilgrimage around the house, which since his marriage had been his only home.

When the taxi came the baggage was waiting outside the front door all neatly labelled, "Albert Hartley-Simmonds." Bert's name was, strictly speaking, Albert Hartley Simmonds, but when his last passport had been issued there had been no difficulty about hyphenating the commonplace name.

As the travelling representative of Welland Brothers, the big export woollen house, Bert knew his way around. For four months out of every one of the preceding twenty years, with the exception of the war years, Bert had roamed the world in the interests of his firm.

In 1936, believing then that war was inevitable and anticipating the financial controls which came into force in September, 1939, he had invested his entire savings in American industrial stocks, depositing these with a Swiss bank in Zurich, out of the reach of the Bank of England.

That evening Bert left London by the Dover-Dunkirk train ferry for Paris. Sending on his heavy baggage to await him in Genoa, he then went to Zurich to make the necessary arrangements with his bank. When he reached Genoa he was in possession of a large sum of dollar travellers' cheques, which gave him financial freedom over the entire world.

From Genoa he took an Italian ship to Australia, arriving in Sydney five weeks later. From Sydney he transhipped to Papeete, the chief town of Tahiti, and thence by trading schooner to Nukahiva, in the Marquesas group of islands under French rule.

Bert had two reasons for this destination. Firstly, these remote islands were among the

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USED BY 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS—PURE WHITE LUX TOILET SOAP

Good Morning, Stranger



A short short story by CECILE GILMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

HE had noticed that she always wore short white gloves. Those spotless little gloves were the first things that attracted him to her. Well—the second, anyway; she was an extremely pretty girl.

Every morning at eight o'clock sharp she would come out of her apartment house across the street and get into an old convertible, and after a tussle with the cold motor she would drive away.

Some mornings she wore a narrow grey flannel suit with a bright scarf. Sometimes a smart dress, or a blouse and skirt. But always the little chopped-off white gloves, immaculate and cute.

He got into the habit of watching for her. It would be nice, he thought, to know her. But they were strangers who happened to live across the street from each other in a big city.

Ward knew other girls, back home in Connecticut. He was twenty-five, trimly built, and had been brought up to be considerate of the female sex. Girls liked him.

There was a legend in his family that his father had seen his mother across a crowded room and said, "Somebody tell me her name; that's the girl I'm going to marry." And he did.

Ward rather liked that. But he had not thought of the family tradition in years, until he saw this girl; the one who left her car in the street all night, and who came out of the house every morning at the same time, all pretty and shiny as the morning sun.

He knew he had to meet this girl somehow.

He knew her name, because he had looked. She lived in the third-floor front apartment—he had seen her at the windows—and the name under the mailbox for 3-F was "Elizabeth Kirby."

Ward had moved to Pineapple Street in March, and it was now only June. He knew nobody in the neighborhood except the news dealer down the street, and the guys

at the garage around the corner, where he kept his car.

Working, as he did, on the night shift of Apex Airlines, where he was a lead mechanic, he lived in a topsy-turvy world, anyway. He went to bed just about the time most people were getting up, so his social life was virtually nil.

But he didn't care. He loved his job. He would leave the airport a little after 6 a.m., stop at Joe's diner for coffee and wheat-cakes, swap jokes and shoot-talk with the rest of the maintenance crew who ate there, and drive happily homeward through the fresh morning air. After he had put away his car he would buy a paper and walk home.

Now, with a little judicious timing, he was able to turn into Pineapple Street just as his Elizabeth was either coming down her steps or getting into her car.

Now and then she looked at him, but she never saw him until one morning when she was backing her car in order to pull out without bumping the car in front. Her head was turned towards the sidewalk and her eyes met his interested gaze. Her mouth opened as though she meant to speak to him, and his heart jumped in his chest.

But then she didn't. She looked right through him with that blank-eyed expression which said, "I haven't met you; be on your way." She completed her manoeuvre with the car, and drove off.

The incident shook him. Because all at once he realised that to a stranger he might seem to be stalking her. The last thing he wanted to do was to frighten her or make her mad. So, feeling frustrated but by no means discouraged, he gave up that operation. He would find a means, or make one. Somehow...

One very hot morning he was standing at his window fully dressed, although it was his day off. At the witching hour of eight out Elizabeth came, looking cool and very attractive in a seasonable sun frock with, of course, her spotless gloves. She

ran down the steps, hurried to her car—and stopped, with a look of dismay. The coupe was tightly wedged between a solid-looking grey sedan and a dashing two-tone job.

Ward watched her go to the two-tone job ahead, peer in through the windows, and try the door handle. Her plan, obviously, was to release the brakes of the car and give it a push with her own car.

But the door wouldn't budge. So she went to the car behind and tried its doors, but it was locked, too. She gave a little shrug of annoyance, and, after looking up and down the street, apparently for the owners, she got into her own car. She started the motor and tried to push first one car and then the other. Nothing happened, except that her motor died every time she pushed.

By the time Ward got down to the sidewalk she was pink in the face and clearly flustered and upset.

He crossed the street. "Can I help you?"

"Oh!" she said, and glanced up. Her face lit up. She began getting

"Can I help you?" Ward asked, and the girl's face lit up. "Oh, would you?" she replied eagerly.

out of the car. "Oh, would you? If you could help me get either of these cars to move a little, maybe I could get out of here."

"I'll take a look," he said.

Together they examined the car in front. He tried the door, as she had.

"Locked," he said. "How about the other one?"

"It's locked, too," she said.

He shook his head. Then he got into her car and started the motor. Slowly and very skilfully he manoeuvred the old convertible until its front wheels were standing free of the car ahead and aimed out into the street.

"How on earth did you do it?" She beamed, coming to where he stood holding the door open. "I just can't thank you enough."

He said it wasn't anything. "I'm glad I happened to look out and see you. I live over there." He gestured with his head. "My name's Mitchell, Ward Mitchell."

"I'm Elizabeth Kirby."

He nodded. "I've noticed you several times."

"I've seen you, too—several times." She said it gravely, but two dimples appeared near the corners of her mouth. "Mostly when I was leaving for work. I'm a teller in a bank downtown."

"Oh," he said. "I'm a lead mechanic. You know what that is?"

"It's an aeroplane maintenance man in charge of a crew," she answered surprisingly. "My cousin owns a diner out at Apex Airlines, Joe Kirby."

"Joe! But I know him!"

She raised her eyebrows.

"I mean, I've been beating my brains out to think of a way to get introduced to you, and all the time—"

"You were?" she asked innocently. She glanced at her watch and scrambled into the car. "I'm going to be good and late today. Imagine your knowing my cousin Joe!"

"When am I going to see you again?" Ward asked as he closed the door. "How about tonight? Could we have dinner, and maybe take in a movie or something?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Well, goodbye for now, and thank you again." She let in the clutch and sped away.

When she was well out of sight, Ward walked over to the two-tone job and gave it a pat on its hood. Then he took two keys out of his pocket, unlocked the car, got in, and drove around the corner to his garage.

The attendant was inside, hosing down a car. "Okay, Mr. Mitchell," he called. "Will you want her again today?"

"Tonight," Ward said. "Give her a wash, will you?"

"Okay." The garage man came out to him. "How did it work," he asked, "this trick you were going to play on your uncle?"

"Fine," Ward answered. "I'll bring the grey sedan back in a few minutes." He held out two dollars. "This about right?"

"Think nothing of it," said the other, waving the money away. "That old heap's been sitting around here for weeks, looking for a buyer. Glad to lend her to you."

Ward thanked him and went off, smiling. It was going to be a magnificent day.

(Copyright)

Is he the One?

A charming romance

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

LESLEY GIBSON smiled and nodded at her mother, who was standing on the platform outside the train. Through the double-glass window she could see her mother's mouth opening and closing, like a picture on a film track.

"Telephone me as soon as you reach Aunt Clara's," she was saying, and "Have you got handkerchiefs?"

"I will," Lesley mouthed back, her face close to the window, and "Plenty."

As the train began to move, her mother stepped back, and, as if responding to an inward cue, produced a full-blown smile. But Lesley knew that she was worried and anxious.

Lesley leaned back against the plush parlor-car chair, feeling troubled as her mother's face blurred into oblivion.

"Poor Mother," she thought. "She just can't seem to accept the fact that I'm nineteen years old and on the verge of being engaged." Her mind went back to the scene in her mother's bedroom only a week ago.

"Visiting Aunt Clara again?" her mother had said in surprise. "But you were there so much this summer!"

"Well . . . it isn't exactly to visit Aunt Clara that I'm going this time." Lesley had blushed faintly. "Ted wants me to meet his family."

Her mother's face had stilled in an odd way. "Meet his family? That sounds serious."

"Well, darling, it is," Lesley had said. And then, quickly, defensively: "Don't you like Ted?"

"I have nothing against Ted," her mother had said. "He's a nice boy."

"Well, then—?"

Her mother had stood very still. Then she had said softly, "Oh, Lesley. You're so young."

"I'm nineteen!" Lesley had said. She was amazed. "Why, half the girls in my class at College are already engaged!"

Her mother had looked tired. "Maybe they're more mature than you are, more settled. You're such a young nineteen. When it comes to love — well, I don't think you know your own mind yet."

"I love Ted," Lesley had said very simply. "He loves me." The two phrases had seemed to settle on the air with a deep and solemn impact.

But her mother had said flatly: "You'll fall in love two or three more times before you're twenty-one. You don't know your own mind yet, Lesley. I know you."

Now Lesley gazed broodingly out the window of the train as it wound its way through the vast, gloomy maze of underground tracks. She thought, "She's just been judging me by what happened this past year."

But that affair last winter with Bill Talbott, that spring interlude with Tony Clark—they had been just foolish boy-and-girl things. She had just been playing around. She was far more mature now and her whole perspective had changed. Couldn't her mother see that?

Her jaw set. "I'll make her see it," she thought. "She'll see the difference when I come back." At the end of this weekend, she, Lesley, would no longer be a careless, impulsive college sophomore; she would be a young woman, poised and serious, engaged to be married. She would move quiet and speak quietly, and people would be impressed with her intelligence and sensitivity.

"Because that's what I'm really like," she thought as she regarded her pretty, blue-eyed reflection pensively in the windowpane. "I'm like an iceberg with seven-tenths of its depth submerged; people just shouldn't judge me by the little piece that's showing."

She swivelled her chair around a few degrees. Over the chair before her she could see the back of a man's head and a very brown neck above the rim of a crisp white collar. Just then the head rose and the young man began to adjust his valise on the overhead rack. He was quite tall and heavy-shouldered; his hair was sandy-colored and he was wearing a tan suit.

He turned and saw her. Lesley felt a faint shock as their eyes met. He was quite good-looking. She looked away quickly, frowning. In the windowpane she saw the upright feather on her foolish hat quivering agitatedly with her movements and her frown deepened. She looked terribly young, she thought.

"I never should have bought this hat," she decided gloomily. "It makes me look as if I'm still on strained vegetables."

She was conscious of the young man sitting down again. She turned her head cautiously. There was only the back of his head once more above the high rim of the chair.

Feeling strangely relieved, Lesley took off her hat, placed it on her lap, and let her head fall back dreamily on the white d'oyley of the chair. "I'll think about Ted," she thought.

She had met him at a party early this summer while visiting her Aunt Clara. He was twenty-five and a lawyer. Lesley had been struck from the first moment by three things: his dark, serious eyes, his reserve, and his faintly enigmatic smile.

From that first evening he had pursued her with a kind of grim intensity that she found thrilling. She had seen him steadily for two weeks; then, after she had returned home, there had been phone calls and a flying weekend visit.

In August she had gone to her aunt's again for another week; he had come back to New York with her and visited friends for a few days. That had been the last time she had seen him.



Wherever Lesley went, young men gazed at her with interest
... but this time she was sure she knew which one to choose.

ere had been constant telephone
During the last one he had said,
are you coming to visit your aunt
I want you to meet my mother
other."

ey had felt a shiver of excitement.
wants to marry me," she thought.
she closed her eyes and summoned
age. But somehow it would not
his face floated like a balloon just
the fringe of her memory.

frowned in concentration because,
it was ridiculous that she couldn't
ber sometimes what he looked like.
as if she took one feature at a

denly, sitting there, she got a queer
as if something were boring into
sed eyes. She opened them. The
haired young man was facing her,
as he leaned forward slightly.

stalled, she blurted out, "Wh-what is

looked relieved, leaning back-
ng at all." He had a very deep
"Pardon me for staring. You see,
moment I thought you had fainted."
anted?"

ll — you were so still. And your
ere closed."

sat up, confused. "I was just con-
ing."

gave his hand a little wave in the
ell, you go right ahead." He spoke
s, as if he were urging her to go
rough an open door. "I hope I
disrupt the brain waves."

at all." Of course, all that busi-
out his thinking she had fainted
st nonsense; it was simply a new
ch in speaking to a girl on a train
h, when you came to think of it,
clever. "He really is terribly attrac-
she thought. "And that deep voice."

car, until now dimly lit with elec-
suddenly burst into bright day-
They were on elevated tracks that
rough a street lined with apartment
s. Turning her head, Lesley saw the
windows that were like cells in a
comb. Through some of them she
see a woman brushing her hair, a
bouncing on a bed, a man in his
shirt shaving.

young man turned his head, too.
he said. "This is my favorite
of scenery." He leaned forward.
e's nothing more fascinating than

watching people like this, live and un-
rehearsed." He looked at Lesley and she
saw with astonishment that the color had
risen in his face. He said sheepishly, "I
guess I must be a Peeping Tom at heart."

"Not at all," Lesley said in her quick,
artless way. "I love to look inside people's
windows from the street and listen to
private conversations on a bus. But all
that isn't based on just raw curiosity. What
I mean is, it's a certain kind of curiosity
that isn't so terrible. I guess we both take
an interest in people, that's all." Suddenly
conscious of herself she swallowed and
blushed, too.

He didn't say anything, but he smiled
as he looked at her. His eyes, she noticed,
were grey — a nice, warm grey in his
deeply tanned face. Meeting his gaze she
felt a faint flutter inside her, a sensation
so familiar that she looked away swiftly,
appalled at herself. Her mother's voice
seemed to clang accusingly in her ears:
"I know you, Lesley."

She stared so fixedly at the apartments
sliding past that her eyeballs began to
hurt. But this isn't anything, she told
herself. Good heavens, she was just pass-
ing the time of day. Her love for Ted
was deep and steady and mature, not to be
sidetracked, ever, by a new face, no
matter how good-looking.

A silence fell between herself and the
young man and she was relieved. Really,
she had behaved in a very irresponsible
way in speaking to him at all. Of course,
talking to a strange man on a train wasn't
in a class with talking to him on a park
bench. Everybody spoke to everybody else
on trains; it was the neighborly thing to
do. Still, she mustn't forget that she was
practically engaged and on her way to
meet the parents of the man she was go-
ing to marry.

"I'll think about Ted," she thought
again. She leaned her head back, but
again, perversely, his features
would not take form in her
mind; there was only a blur
of dark hair and eyes, a jut-
ting chin.

He slipped from her
thoughts and a scene formed:
She saw herself back at col-
lege in two weeks, a swarm
of girls crowding around her

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there was only enough work for one in the galley. But, all the same, she thought, she might as well save herself a journey to fetch his empty glass. She knocked and went in.

There were two seats on either side of the narrow room, with a table that could be put up between. Bellamy sat on one, Angela on the other, and the girl was holding a packet of photographs in her hand.

"I just thought," Lalette said to Bellamy, "that I'd collect your glass and get it done with."

"Not quite finished. You can have it in a moment."

"We were just looking at these photographs," Angela seemed to be almost apologising, as though she wasn't sure that sitting there was quite proper. "Some of them are really quite good."

"May I see?" Lalette took the packet that Angela handed her.

"They're very good!" She looked at them vaguely, until she saw that one was of Bellamy. "This is very nice of you . . . sir."

Bellamy said nothing. He just raised his eyebrows and gave a faint smile.

The next one was of Bellamy, too. Lalette reddened. He was in a sports jacket and flannels and was looking into the camera and laughing as though he was enjoying himself hugely. Then there was another. This time of an old gentleman in a well-ordered garden, nipping off some buds with a pair of secateurs.

"Ah," said Lalette, "and this one? This must be . . . er . . . Daddy?"

She said it, she knew, with quite deceptive gentleness. All the same, Bellamy looked up at her sharply. He finished off his orange juice and put the

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glass down with a smart click on to the tray.

"I've finished now, Lalette," he said. "You can clear away, if you want to."

"Thank you, sir," she said, picking up the other tray in her free hand. "Will that be all?"

"Yes . . . thank you." He gave her a direct look that out-stared her own unblinking one.

"What about the other one? The one I took of you?" she heard him say to Angela as she let the door snap shut behind her.

There was one thing, she thought, washing up with too much soap powder, too much hot water, and too much violence, neither of them would do anything but chat politely, look at photographs, and do the proper thing. And, with everything done and cleared away, she stared out once more through the porthole beyond the sink.

Intermittently, a star appeared from behind the over-cast and was swallowed up again in a world without color or dimensions. Sitting alone on a high stool in the tail, Lalette watched out for them to keep her company. In front from the mighty engines came a low, sustained roar, and quieter, but just as thrustful and determined, from the cabin came the lesser human noise. And here she was, an isolated unimportant female, riding pillion as it were, unnoticed through the night.

She watched the red navigation light dip itself into a pool of cloud and emerge blurred, to dry itself bright and clear against the next stretch of open sky.

"Miss Greenacres!" Hamilton came bustling up, one eye on his watch. "It's on the hour! You're forgetting Captain Cavendish's tea!"

"Do you take sugar in your tea, Mr. Crutwell?" Cavendish asked the engine designer. "Please, Captain Cavendish."

"One or two lumps?" "Two lumps, please."

The tray that Lalette had brought up now rested on the flat rear of the throttle pedestal. Cavendish, now beginning his second hour on watch, had sent the young First Officer back to the rest compartment and had replaced him in the right-hand seat with Mr. Crutwell. Behind them the engineer and the radio officer were sharing a second pot of tea with the navigator.

Under the dimmed glow of the instrument lights the flight

deck made a peaceful domestic scene, like a family gossiping in an evening drawing-room beside the dying embers of a green fire.

Outside it was black. A dark marsh of cloud had swamped the stars to the north. Every now and again the tea-cups rattled as the Emperor's wings got caught in an isolated cumulus top. But most of the stuff was still below them, and the occasional shimmying was nothing more than the gentle up and down movements of a rocking-chair, as the automatic pilot did its silent corrections.

Rawlings lolled back, contentedly eyeing the perfect behaviour of all the engine instruments. Certainly they were a little late on flight plan—but his particular babies were as healthy a set as quadruplets as had ever been constructed. And there was nine hours' fuel left in their tanks.

He lapped up a mouthful of warm tea. Then he nudged the radio officer. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks." Hooper took one. "How's the weather on the other side?"

"Couldn't get the last reports. Radio conditions are pretty bad."

"Last lot you got all right?" "Not too bad. Maritimes are still out. But Boston and New York were okay."

Rawlings grunted with satisfaction. Here was the missing third line: good destination weather to fit in with fuel and serviceability to complete the airman's eternal triangle. "New York's the one we want."

"Smooth trip," Hooper said. "You know, when you come to think of it, these semi-final jet jobs aren't half bad."

"My seat's hard."

"I could do with a bit more room. My elbow—"

"They should have put the fuel system control valves nearer . . . so I could reach 'em."

"The way people park their hats on top of my spares! I tell you, one day I'll—"

"That man Douthwaite's working too hard. Hey, Alex!" Rawlings leant across the small space to the navigator's table. "Your tea's getting cold!"

But the navigator took no notice of him. With infinite precision he was drawing a thin line on his chart that he

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topped off with an arrowhead at each end.

Not persisting in his effort to make the conversation three-sided, Rawlings turned back to Hooper. "You got anything to read?"

"Only Cavendish's 'Evening News'."

"Might as well take a gander at it."

The paper rustled as it was being passed across the flight deck. Cavendish interrupted himself in his monologue with Crutwell. He turned round. "Is that my 'Evening News'?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Thank you very much." Cavendish leant back to collect it. "Now, I wanted to show you this article, Mr. Crutwell."

Cavendish was enjoying himself. He was playing the age-old game of pilots with aircraft constructors: how the perfect aeroplane should be built, and where every one of them was going wrong. He spread the paper out in front of him. "Just look what this man says about the Emperor!"

Mr. Crutwell looked. He was a modest man, a scientific intellectual, and as such he was inclined to be a little over-awed by the enormous presence of Captain Cavendish.

"You'll notice," Cavendish continued, "that he calls the layout of the cockpit a pilot's paradise. Now, often a pilot has to act immediately, and in this particular cockpit—"

"Of course," Crutwell suggested mildly, "so many instruments are difficult to arrange."

"Now, even I have the utmost difficulty in reaching some of the controls quickly. Look where the A.D.F. is! And as for the de-icer boot switch—"

"Minor things, Captain, wouldn't you say?"

"Minor! That's the trouble

with you designers! You've never been in a passenger-carrying aircraft when quick action is imperative."

The paper was still spread out in front of them, held out by Cavendish's arms. "Captain," a voice said behind them. But Cavendish was still lecturing.

"Captain Cavendish!"

The flow stopped abruptly. "Yes, Mr. Douthwaite."

"You were right about that Low. We've hit the bottom of it."

"So it's shot up north, has it?" There was a certain satisfaction in Cavendish's voice.

"I told Captain Bellamy it would. That temperature at the weather ship—"

In scrupulous fairness to both his captains, Douthwaite pointed out: "But Captain Bellamy was right about the winds. Much stronger than forecast."

Coldly now, Cavendish demanded, "What is the wind?"

"A hundred and eighteen knots, sir. Dead on the nose."

"Nonsense!"

"That's what my fix says."

Douthwaite's face remained detached and unemotional. "But if you have a different wind in mind, sir . . . perhaps you'd like to come back and take your own fix."

Cavendish shot the navigator a suspicious glance. Seeing nothing but impassiveness, he exclaimed, "But that means we're in a jet-stream, Mr. Douthwaite!"

"Might mean that, sir."

The newspaper was thrust suddenly to one side of the left-hand seat, where it lay crumpled, forgotten. The tray was swept down to the floor. With a tremendous dra-

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matic lunge, the auto-pilot was slammed out.

"Mr. Hooper, contact Control for descent clearance to 16,000! Winds for all zones at that height!"

"Mr. Douthwaite, revise your flight plan to 16,000 feet!"

"Mr. Rawlings, throttle back for descent!"

Captain Cavendish was acting immediately.

Rawlings was the only one who questioned his orders. He looked up, surprised, and asked, "What . . . now, Captain?"

"Now, Mr. Rawlings!"

"But we haven't got permission from Control yet, Captain!"

Cavendish made no reply. He leant his huge hand on the

pilot's set of throttles and pulled them back himself. "You're here at the right time, Mr. Crutwell," he said. "The time when a pilot has to act immediately."

Grandly, the Emperor's nose dipped downwards. With fixed determination, Cavendish held the wheel just forward of centre, and the aircraft allowed herself to descend for the first two thousand feet without the slightest qualm. Then she plunged into a flurry of dark cloud and started to shake all over in protest. Hail that had been lurking there in ambush now got her range and pinged and peppered her all over.

Behind the concentrating pilot, Rawlings shook his head from side to side and, catching Hooper's eye, looked up at the roof. He muttered to the radio

officer: "Always the same with him! Least thing . . . off he goes! Real old shadow-boxer . . . Cavendish."

Hooper's eyes had widened. "But a hundred and eighteen knots—"

"We've got the fuel," Rawlings pointed out comfortably. "Engines are all right. New York's all right. Why he wanted to go down—"

"And without permission! We might collide!"

"Trouble is . . . he never remembers he isn't the only captain in the sky."

"He isn't the only captain in this aircraft . . . never mind the sky," Hooper said.

"Thought, on this leg, Bellamy was in command."

In the rest compartment, Bellamy had been half-way through his steak when he heard the motors change power. At first he had thought that Control had allotted them a new altitude, perhaps at 22,000, and he'd gone on eating. But as the Emperor dived farther and farther down into the bumpy cloud he parked the tray on the seat opposite, next to where Seawood was quietly finishing off his coffee and, opening the door, returned to the flight deck to investigate.

His first glance was at the navigator's altimeter—19,000 feet, and still going down. Cavendish was wasting no time.

"What's going on?" he asked Douthwaite.

The navigator looked up from a fresh set of calculations. "Jet stream, sir," he said. "Over a hundred knots."

"But why are we going down?"

"Captain Cavendish's orders, sir."

The altimeter needle flashed past 18,000 like an express train.

"What height?"

"Sixteen thousand, sir."

Bellamy's face wrinkled over with exasperation. He strode in towards the pilots' seats. "Captain Cavendish!"

"Ah, there you are, Captain Bellamy!" The older pilot turned his head momentarily from the instruments. "Here . . . take over for a minute, would you?"

The only alternative left to Bellamy was to leave Mr. Crutwell, now cowering back from the controls in the right-hand seat, in complete charge. Cavendish had squeezed past him towards Hooper, saying as he left, "We're taking her down to 16,000, Captain!" Then he bent over the radio officer.

"Have you got permission to descend yet?"

But Hooper, bent low over the key with the earphones clamped hard on his head, was trying to listen to morse through a fearful jumble of howling static.

"Permission!" Cavendish cried. "Have you got permission?" He was feeling a slight uneasiness that more frequently these days invaded his self-confidence. These controls and regulations that now red-taped the free air were a nuisance.

They had a habit of catching airmen in their trammels. And he was uncomfortably aware that these turbo-prop engines, unlike their pistoned ancestors, increased their fuel consumption heavily by descending, and also lost a considerable amount of speed. Perhaps in this case, immediate action

From the front, Bellamy called out, "Levelling off at 16,000!"

Cavendish glared at Hooper, whose face had taken on the vague other-worldliness look of

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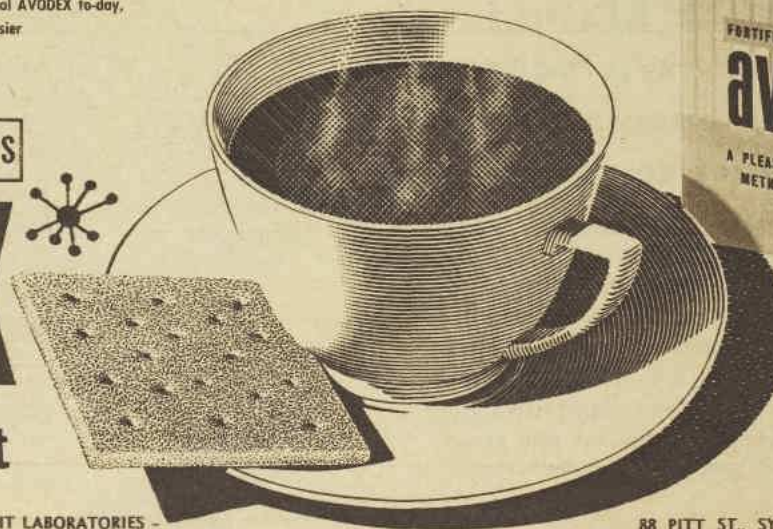
new easier way to . . . SLIM!

If you can't lose unsightly, distressing fat it's probably because dieting leaves you feeling hungry. You eat more for contentment—and up goes your weight again! That's why AVODEX—the entirely new diet treatment—is slimming thousands of overweight sufferers. AVODEX is a pleasant tasting biscuit which quells nagging hunger, giving you the satisfied feeling of a "full stomach." You simply take one tasty AVODEX with a nice cup of tea or other drink and your craving for sweets, cake, breads and other "fat formers" will disappear. You'll lose unwanted fat—you'll feel better all round—mind clearer, body more active—and more attractive! Each AVODEX biscuit contains the full supply of vitamins found in a normal meal. Try ethical AVODEX to-day, in conjunction with the simple diet chart provided. It's the new, easier way to slim!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

WIN BACK HEALTH after illness

Can you honestly say that you've never felt better? Have you the joy and vitality of life within you — or are you missing the precious boon of abundant health?

WINCARNIS is a staunch friend to the convalescent! Whether your trouble be physical weakness after illness or sheer nerves and over-worry, WINCARNIS does wonders for you. Nothing else so quickly, so pleasantly helps you across the gap that separates "being ill" from "feeling well!" You get restored energy and zest, and new strength from the very first glass. There is no secret about Wincarnis! This amazing energy builder and restorative, that puts new blood in your veins, is a wonderful tonic that has benefited thousands.

It is a delicious full bodied wine, with a measured dose of Glycerophosphates, fortified with vital beef and malt extracts. A stimulating, heartening tonic. A good drink and wonderfully good for you. Start taking Wincarnis right away—you will be delighted with your new found health and strength. Remember, WINCARNIS makes you fit and keeps you fit.

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS



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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throbb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● For festive holidays ahead a black cotton sheath dressed up with a white lace bertha is smart fashion for city party-going.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query below.

Here is the letter and my reply:

"I WILL be attending several late afternoon parties over the Christmas period and would like to make myself a frock. If you think it suitable I want a black sheath. You illustrated one in white, several months ago, but the neckline was too hard to suit me. Would it be possible to have a pattern drafted for the style you suggest? I would also like you to suggest accessories."

A SLEEVELESS sheath dress made in black cotton and frosted with white is a cool and pretty way to dress for parties in any big city. The design I have chosen is illustrated (at right). The trimming is a bertha of white cotton lace. The accessories in the illustration could not be bettered — white wrist-length gloves, white hat, and black, open sandals.

By the way, the design is beltless, but if you prefer it a belt could be added. A paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. When writing be sure to state your size. Lines under illustration give instructions for ordering.

"AS I freckle deeply on my back with black freckles I would like you to suggest a sunsuit and skirt to take on my annual holidays. Please tell me color and fabric as well."

For the material and color I suggest cotton plaid, blue and yellow, buttoned in yellow. For the design you could not do better than a co-ordinated set: easy skirt plus a sleeveless high-necked blouse and short shorts. The high-necked

blouse will take care of your suntanning problem, and the skirt will convert the blouse and shorts into a resort dress.

"COULD you help me with the following query. I am going to a December wedding and am wearing a beige lace sheath dress. I have a pair of beige shoes, but do not know what color to choose for the other accessories."

Wear your dress with a pink-brown hat and matching gloves, plus a handbag in the same shade as the shoes.

"WOULD it be correct to have a summer coat made in linen? It is to go over summer frocks, mostly in pastel shades. Please suggest a color."

Yes, it would. A flower-printed linen coat made collarless, straight, with set-in sleeves, would be a pretty and fashionable idea to wear over pastel summer dresses.

DS216. — One-piece sheath dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for dress; and 3-8th yard 36in. net and 4yds. 24in. lace for bertha collar. Price 4/- Orders from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE an invitation to attend an engagement party in early December and would like your advice about the correct dressing and accessories. The party is a dinner in a well-known restaurant."

If the men in the party wear dinner jackets you will be correctly dressed in a short-skirted evening dress. If the men choose to wear dark lounge suits, your dress can be pretty and short, mid-way between an afternoon and ballerina. In large cities overseas, a small evening hat is high fashion for restaurant wear. However, in restaurants in Australia, to go hatless in the evening is an accepted fashion. Gloves are optional.

Beauty in brief:

CREAM DOES PAY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Perhaps the worst crime you can commit against your skin after 25 is to do nothing for it except keep it clean.

FROM 25 onwards the natural oils do begin to decrease in the majority of skins. It is this gradual diminishing process, in addition to other things such as heat and cold, that encourages skin dryness, loss of condition, and the tendency to wrinkle and sag.

This is where a good skin cream comes into the picture. Choose one that is rich in lanolin to give a dry skin that needed boost, and use it generously.

The massage treatment that goes along with the cream is important in stimulating circulation, so often poor in the face area.

Use the thumb and first finger of each hand, and pinch the cream along from the point of the chin to the ear. For lines between the eyebrows and across the forehead, swirl on the cream in firm little circles, working up from the top of the nose out over the temples.



You see her everywhere . . . on sun-swept beaches, in the office, on dance floors. And everywhere she goes people take a second look at her sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and glowing complexion. Pretty nineteen-year-old Avril Rogers, of Potts Point, Sydney, protects the youthful loveliness of her skin with gentle Rexona Soap.

PUT YOUR SKIN ON THIS HEALTH AND BEAUTY DIET

Rexona soap helps skin blemishes disappear

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of rare beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. Just one lather with this mild, pure soap restores skin to radiant, natural loveliness.

Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

Guard your natural loveliness all over



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Don't suffer a moment longer. Iodised Balmosa cream brings blessed relief—quickly, easily. Just s-m-o-o-t-h it in. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining, non-irritating.

Ask your doctor about

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"PAY-LATER" PLAN



New colours New textures

Marlite is the *New* way
to smarter interior decoration



Marlite is an exciting new kind of interior panelling . . . designed to enable you to work colour and texture magic in decorating. The sturdy but easily handled sheets have a smooth, colourful surface that no other board can equal. And no wonder! Marlite is tough Tempered Masonite pre-finished in a new and exclusive oven-baked plastic enamel. The lovely colours stay bright and beautiful down through the years.



Marlite "Plank" on the walls of this modern room creates a striking effect. Planks are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and either 11 inches or 15 inches wide. They go right from floor to ceiling, are tongue and grooved for concealed fastening. Plain or leatherboard texture.



Marlite "Block" lends a pleasing symmetrical pattern to the ceiling. Blocks are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and 11 inches or 15 inches square. Fastening is by clips, cleverly concealed behind tongue and groove joints. Plain or leatherboard texture.

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Wall-high Marlite sheets are $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. The panels are easily fixed to timber framework or they go right up over existing walls. You can install Marlite yourself!

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Marlite is a dream to clean. All you need is a damp cloth. The tough plastic surface resists moisture, grease and mildew. Colours stay bright and lustrous.

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Marlite panels are available in a whole wide range of wonderful colours: Yellow • Cream • Blue • Green • Grey • Red • Burgundy • Pink • Black • White and five Stippletones (Stippletones in Lusterite and Lustrtile only).

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Page 50

Marlite is quite inexpensive. So whether you're building or remodelling, plan for colourful interiors with maintenance-free Marlite panelling.

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New plastic-finished
WALL AND CEILING PANELS



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1950

AVOID UNHAPPINESS BY MARITAL ADJUSTMENTS

Many husbands who complain that their wives are cold are themselves to blame for this condition, according to Dr. David Mace, chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council.

DR. MACE says this, in answer to a worried wife who wrote to him for advice, in his final "Mail-bag" page for The Australian Women's Weekly.

During his four months' tour of Australia sponsored by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with us, Dr. Mace has received hundreds of appeals for help from both men and women.

As he and his wife leave Australia shortly, Dr. Mace can no longer advise readers either through the paper or personally. Please do not send further letters to him.

MRS. S.M. writes: "We have been married ten years and in all that time I have been trying to achieve a harmonious sex relationship with my husband. I am temperamentally much slower than he is. He is also very shy and reserved and I can't discuss all this with him because I feel too hurt about it. I shall have to leave my husband unless the situation improves. He just doesn't seem to understand what I am so unhappy about. I consulted my doctor about this some years ago. The only advice I got was to have another baby—which I did. But, if anything, this made matters worse than before."

Dr. Mace writes:

Often in the intimate relationships of marriage the wife's

responses are much slower than those of her husband. Unless he understands this, and is taught how to adjust the situation, the result is likely to be a series of frustrating experiences for the wife which may ultimately lead her to avoid love-making altogether, or even to be unfaithful. This is one of the elementary facts which should be clearly explained to all married men. Many husbands who complain that their wives are cold are themselves to blame.

What is needed here is an experienced marriage counsellor to talk with both husband and wife separately about their attitudes and approaches to love-making and to help them to co-operate in achieving a more satisfactory adjustment.

Clearly they can't make much progress until they are able to discuss their sex relationship together. Men are usually more shy than women about these matters. But with the help of a sympathetic counsellor the husband should be able to get over his self-consciousness.

MRS. C.N. writes: "Seven years ago I married a divorced man. His wife had gone off with someone else. We are now both in our middle forties. I entered the marriage with high hopes—but in all our married life we have been intimate less than once a year. Only once did my husband make the advances."

I questioned my husband soon after marriage, but he was very curt. In other respects my husband is quite a dear, but when I try to express affection he avoids me as if I were a poisonous snake, and leaves me feeling humiliated and heartbroken. I know that his first wife left him for this reason. What can I do?"

Dr. Mace writes:

Clearly there is something wrong with Mrs. C.N.'s husband. To have married twice and yet to have shown little or no interest in his wife sexually is a very unusual state of affairs. The situation in which Mrs. C.N. finds herself as a result is indeed frustrating. For an affectionate wife to be coldly rebuffed by her husband is deeply hurtful, and to be thwarted at the same time in her hope of having a child adds injury to insult.

Yet I'm afraid I cannot hold out very high hopes to Mrs. C.N. The chances that this man will change now, in his forties, are probably not good. His difficulty is almost certainly emotional, and a psychiatrist would be the best person to deal with it. But the question is whether he would be willing to seek such treatment.

Since the relationship with her husband is good in other respects, it may be that Mrs. C.N. will have to settle for what she can get and make the best of it. At least she can count on security and comradeship in her later years.



MRS. W.R. writes: "My husband and I have been married for four years and have two children. At the time we became engaged he was a sailor, but he has now settled in a shore job. Recently he received a letter from an old shipmate; he was so secretive about this that my curiosity was aroused, and I searched for it and read it. The letter referred to my husband's many sex relations with different women. I told my husband I had read the letter. He was furious. I am so hurt and angry that I feel I could never let him touch me again."

Dr. Mace writes:

I can well imagine how great a shock this discovery could give to any wife. Presumably Mrs. W.R. had no suspicion of any such thing before. People differ strongly as to whether past indiscre-

tions should be acknowledged before marriage. In this case, the present crisis would have been avoided if the husband had told his intended wife the truth about himself, and been accepted for what he was.

However, the facts are out in the open now. That Mrs. W.R. should feel deeply hurt is natural. It will take time to recover from the sense of outrage and humiliation from which she is now suffering. I do, however, believe that recovery is possible.

Mrs. W.R. has apparently no fault to find with her husband since their marriage. It is, in fact, because her discovery was completely unexpected that she is so upset. Surely, therefore, she should judge her husband by his behaviour since she has known him, and not by the mistakes he made before she came into his life.



A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

Here's why: Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives; gently clears your system of harmful impurities, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

Invigorating Andrews is sold at all chemists and stores.

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Big n' little sisters love to look alike

HILTON
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Baby-doll pyjamas, sweet in
sheer white nylon over pink
or blue. Outlined in lace.
Sizes SSW, SW, W. 89/6

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Pint-sized pyjamas, also with
removable carnation. White
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Enchanted with their
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sister are showing how lovely
they look, how cool and
free they feel! Lovely,
for **HILTON** Baby-doll pyjamas
are of pretty pink nylon
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Cool and free, with the brief scoop-neckline gown, the short pantees ...
a **HILTON** style irresistible on big and little sisters!
See these and all the **HILTON** Sleepwear range at the best stores!

HILTON... famous **Nyloseal Nylons**!

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

[from page 48]

a man in a trance. His eyes had gone up to the duralumin arches on the fuselage above him. "Permission!"

It was bumpier down here. The hail had changed to electric rain, now washing the black windscreen over with sparkling swirls. In a majestic malaise, the Emperor began to roll.

Cavendish impatiently whipped the headset off Hooper's left ear and roared, "Haven't you got permission yet?"

But Hooper grabbed at his earphones and jammed them back on his head. He took no notice of Cavendish. At a highly trained racing speed, he began to write plain language in his log.

Cavendish, looking over his shoulder, read the words one by one as they appeared on the white page before him: Special. New York and Boston forecast, 24.00-12.00. Ceiling indefinite. Sea fog. Visibility variable. 440 yards to nil.

In the long passenger compartment everything was quite still and quiet. The only light was right at the back, where Lalette (whose turn it was to be awake) sat at the catering staff's table, over which a shaded lamp sent a round yellow patch of brilliance right on the open book in front of her, looking for all the world like a night nurse on duty in a sleeping, contented ward.

Seven of the super luxury bunks had been pulled out of the fuselage wall above the seats and were now occupied, with the sole exception of Mr. Crutwell's, and he was preparing very quietly to get into it. He had thought it advisable to leave the cramped confines of the flight deck soon after Bellamy had arrived on the scene, and, saying his unnoticed adieux and thanks, he had slipped noiselessly away.

Lalette watched him pull the curtains apart and climb cautiously up on to the foamy mattress. She had heard the engine power decrease. There was some (but not much) sensation of going lower. Then the engine noise roared up again, and the vibration became more evident.

She stopped half-way down a page and peered out of the porthole at the left-hand engines, out of which two trailing tongues of fire licked unenthusiastically at their burnt-porridge-colored environment.

They were, anyway, still functioning. Her minute knowledge of engineering thus con-

firmed that everything was all right, she returned to the page, fiddled around trying to find the exact word she had left, found it, looked at her watch, and, with a sigh, returned to her novel.

The call bell beside her buzzed. She looked at the indicator. It was the flight deck. Cavendish would be wanting tea again.

She went into the galley and poured the still simmering kettle into a pot she had already prepared on a tray with the cups. Then she walked softly up the aisle to the door and into the cockpit.

She noticed the hush straight away. Everyone seemed to be expectantly waiting, except Douthwaite, who was still bent over his calculations, working out now what the wind was at this new height. Even Rawlings, who usually welcomed her with a witticism, this time said nothing. She saw the heavy curtains behind the pilots were drawn, separating them completely from the rest of the flight deck.

As she pulled the curtains aside to let her tray through, Lalette was surprised to see Bellamy in the left-hand seat.

Rather distantly he nodded and said, "Thank you." Cavendish, sitting beside him, just went on staring into the dark night beyond the windscreen.

She left the tea-tray on the pedestal, a gently chattering reminder that she had been there at all. But after she had gone, neither of the pilots made a sound. There they sat, in this little confession-box at the front of the aircraft, lit by the phosphorescent green glow of the instruments, while the Emperor's propellers churned onwards against the invisible wind.

At last Bellamy said in a low voice, "Got the idea I was in command on this leg."

"So you are, Captain."

"Then why not tell me before coming down?"

With considerable dignity, Cavendish replied, "I acted as I knew you would have acted."

"You got it wrong."

"Captain Bellamy, this is neither the time nor the place

"No clearance! Nothing on the winds at 16,000! Worst cruising altitude!" Lowering his voice still further, he demanded, "What put the idea into your head?"

Cavendish glared down at him. "It was necessary, Captain, to get out of the stream."

"Slap into this ice, eh? Look at it!" Bellamy flashed his torch out into the blackness. There, on the port wing, a glistening straight white stripe piped the muzzy line of the leading edge.

Down the airspeed went as the ice built up. Bellamy did not switch on the de-icer boots—he dare not. While the stuff was building up, certainly it might crack it, but with the cunning of heavy ice it would build up again beyond the travel of the inflating and deflating rubber boots, making them powerless to reach it.

"In the middle of the Atlantic, Bellamy, I have other things to do than to argue—"

"And so I have . . . now! But get this straight, Cavendish. While I'm in command I have the responsibility. And I take the decisions!" And then, as though it was all finished with, he pulled open the curtain and, in a completely different voice, now quite calm and controlled, he turned round to the rest of the flight deck and asked, "Has Mr. Douthwaite worked out a wind at this height?"

"Just coming up, Captain," the navigator called back. "Won't be a minute."

Bellamy poured out the tea and handed a cup to Cavendish. As he drank it slowly he was revising the plans he had already made for the crossing. He never regarded the Atlantic as a whole entity, but split it up in his mind into various lines of defence away from England, and then various strongholds nearer the American continent.

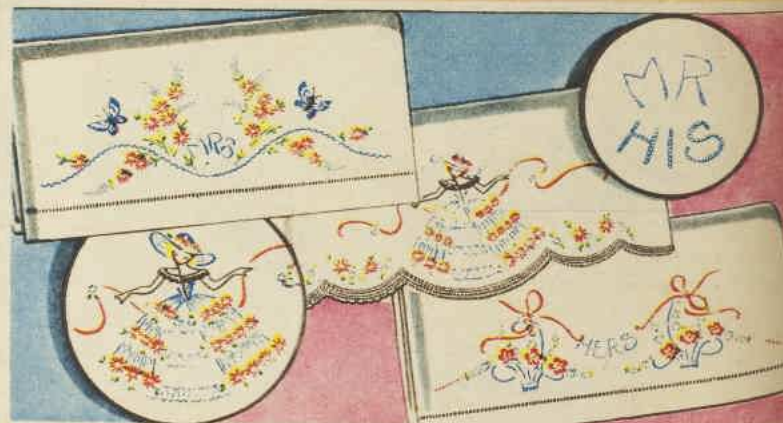
Every degree of longitude had to be fought for, while always in the rear were maintained the retreats and diversions available if necessary.

This was a situation he hadn't expected—but immediately he had sent messages, probing across the ocean, seeking for a destination safe from the weather. Iceland, Moncton, even the aerodromes in England might be called in to help him now that the whole of the North American seaboard was out.

He had the answers beside him: English weather was fair, Moncton was on limits with fog, Iceland at present was good, but with the Low rushing northwards, how long it

To page 54

EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



GUEST-TOWELS, pillow-cases, and all your other household linens will look lovely when embroidered in gay colors with the pretty motifs featured in embroidery transfer No. 179. Among them are butterflies, flower baskets, and old-fashioned ladies. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

You can safely wash **all** baby's clothes—
even delicate woollens—in **this** machine



MALLEYS Automatic

The fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water system

There's no trouble, no work in washing when you own a Malley's Automatic. A Malley's does all your washing, from sheets and heavy overalls to delicate baby woollens, filmy nylons. It's so easy — all you do is set the dials, press the button and GO — your Malley's does the rest!

NEEDS NO HOT WATER SYSTEM. Malley's Automatic can be installed in any home. Heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish — doesn't use a drop of the precious hot water you need for baths, washing up.

12 lb. CAPACITY. The Malley's Automatic does a bigger wash than any other washing machine in Australia.

PRESS-BUTTON WASHING. Just drop in the clothes, turn on the cold water tap, set the automatic dials, press the button, and GO! The Malley's washes thoroughly because it pre-soaks, boils, rinses in warm and cold "live water", spin-dries — all automatically.

OTHER FEATURES — The Malley's has no clutch or gearbox to wear out. Safe top loading. Costs pounds less than any comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas as a SEMI-Automatic with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Both models are available on the easiest of terms.

TESTED AND PROVED

Tens of thousands of Australian housewives have proved the Malley's Automatic gives years of perfect service. And no wonder, for Malley's Ltd. have been manufacturing washing appliances since 1884. They were the first manufacturers to produce a fully automatic washer in Australia and were also the first in the world to manufacture a fully automatic washing machine with its own hot water unit.

See the Malley's demonstrated at leading retailers.

MALLEYS

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, HOBART, LAUNCESTON

would remain so was definitely a problem.

Douthwaite came up with the wind he had found. "Ninety-five knots, sir. Still from the same direction."

Bellamy turned and looked at the man in the right-hand seat. He raised his eyebrows.

"Considerably less than at 24,000," Cavendish pointed out icily.

Douthwaite said, "We've gained on the wind. But we've lost fifty knots airspeed, sir. What's more, we're still losing it!"

The ice was building up fast now. Great chunks were being slung off the propellers to bang and clatter against the Emperor's sides. The cloud outside was weaving a white cocoon as though trying to contain the whole aeroplane within it.

Bellamy knew he would have to climb again to get out of the stuff. There was no destination he could find on the other side which was safe from the weather. The Low was rapidly approaching Iceland, his only possible diversion.

He studied the figures of fuel used and fuel available that Rawlings had worked out for him. There was no doubt about one thing—he would have to act immediately. Either he could go back to England, or he could fly north to Iceland, hoping to beat the Low in. He thought for a moment on the two alternatives.

Iceland was nearer; it was also five hundred miles closer to New York. And a return to England would be a sad sequel to the glory of that send-off.

He weighed it all up in his mind, trying as he always had to do to find out the safest odds and yet still do his job. He

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 52

knew that the snowball, the one-thing-after-another that was always a danger signal to an airman, was already rolling.

He rubbed his eyes with his right hand, and then, suddenly vigorous again, he made up his mind. Turning to Hooper, he called out, "Clearance to Iceland . . . 23,000. And get me every Keflavik weather report you can!"

After Hooper had said, "Yes, Captain," a hush descended over the whole of the flight deck, a kind of quiet knell for the proving flight's non-stop trip to New York. Then the radio officer's key rattled out, an uneven match against the ice that still clattered against the fuselage. The Emperor, unperturbed but much slower now, plunged steadily through the storm.

Cavendish said, "Iceland!"

"Only thing to do. Apart from going back."

"But the chairman . . . Sir James—"

"What about him?"

"I think he should be told."

"So do I."

"And when he's told he—"

"He can go back to sleep again. More than I can."

Hooper called out, "Clearance, Captain." And Bellamy, without looking round, said, "Climb power."

The engine noise increased. The pilot moved the stick to the right and pulled back slightly. The Emperor, responding immediately, veered off her Great Circle into a long, climbing turn to starboard. The altimeter needle awakened into life to clock in this extra height, and the whole aircraft, as though anxious to leave this treacherous, icy bog, gave a heartening leap upwards away

from the wet, tenuous depths of the cloud.

Douthwaite came up with the course for Iceland, 031 degrees, and set it on the compass. And twenty minutes afterwards, the time it took for the pot of tea on the throttle pedestal to go cold and undrinkable, the whole aspect of the flight had changed. Here they were, Cavendish and Bellamy still sitting side by side, the autopilot re-engaged, back at altitude, in the clear with the de-icer boots

reports. They were growing progressively worse.

Cavendish observed, "Keflavik's going down fast."

"Yes."

"Have we enough fuel to go there, and then return to London?"

"I doubt it."

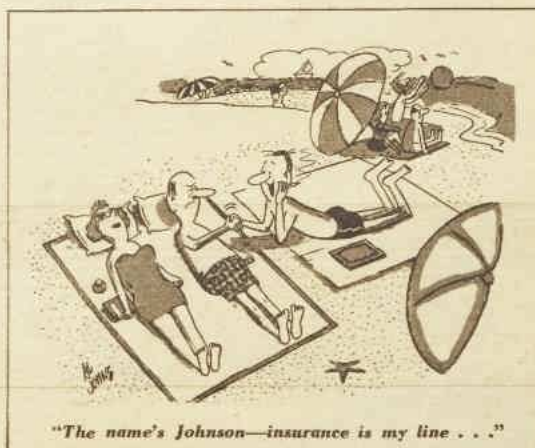
A silence fell between them.

"The Chairman will be disappointed."

"Yes."

"When are you going to break it to him, Captain?"

Bellamy said, "I'm just giving myself a rest . . . before the big moment."



cracking the ice off the wings.

But the estimated time of arrival, 01.51, on the piece of paper between them was for the American air base at Keflavik, in Iceland. And just above it was a square card, made out in columns, at the head of which Hooper had written his

The aircraft flew in a stately progression towards the stars in the north. Bellamy suddenly moved back his seat. "Well . . . better get it over, I suppose."

He climbed out and stretched, watching the excellent behaviour of all the engine in-

struments. "Going well, anyway," he said to Rawlings.

The engineer said, "Yes, sir," and went back to his struggles with the fuel figures. Hooper was tensely awaiting the next weather report from Iceland.

Just before he pushed open the door to the cabin, Bellamy heard Douthwaite humming, with the curious, unruffled attitude to everything, good or bad, that all navigators have, a rather tuneless version through his teeth of "Here we sit like birds in the wilderness . . . birds in the wilderness—"

Lying on his back in his bunk, Sir James had been dozing on and off, still in his clothes. Vaguely he had heard the engine note change several times, but it had not worried him. The pilots were doing their job of finding the best altitude to fly, and he had other matters on his mind.

One of them had woken him up now and, sitting up, he noticed that instead of a dark mass of cloud, now they were flying in the clear black air under the whole panoply of stars.

That was better.

He turned the light on and leant over to the bottom of the bunk, where he had put his brief-case, anxious to clarify a particular detail (the estimated operating cost of the Emperor per ton mile) which had for the moment eluded his over-worked subconscious mind. Pulling it up to him, he started to search through the papers.

In his opinion he was doing this because of his pride in never leaving a job undone, but really it was in order that he could get some rest, for, like most chairmen of big businesses, his mind was pursued day and night by a swarm of

details, each one equipped, until it was taken care of, by sharp, sleepless sting.

Here it was! Sir James found the fact, broke off the string cheerfully now, because it was less than he had imagined, it was just preparing to lie down flat again when he noticed the bank curtains were moving.

A voice said, "You awake, sir?"

"Yes," he said, pulling the curtain aside. "Hello, Bellamy! Nice night outside."

But the pilot made no comment on the night. He came straight to the point. "Bad news, I'm afraid, sir."

His mind now suddenly flooded with all sorts of dire possibilities, Sir James demanded, "What's the matter with her?"

"The aircraft's fine, sir. Going well. It's the weather—"

"Oh!" For a moment the Chairman's face relaxed. Then he said, "But Captain Cavendish told me New York was all right."

"Fog there now."

"Well . . . where are we going? Boston . . . Washington?"

In the dim light that was glowing from the back of his bunk, Sir James searched the pilot's face for the answer.

"We've run into hundred-knot headwinds."

An awful thought suddenly gripped the Chairman's brain.

"Bellamy, we're not going back?"

"Not as bad as that, sir, Iceland."

"Iceland!"

"Only thing I could do, sir. I'm sorry—"

But Sir James, with all his plans for the Emperor balanced on the pivot of this proving flight, was not one to accept an explanation like that. "But

To page 56

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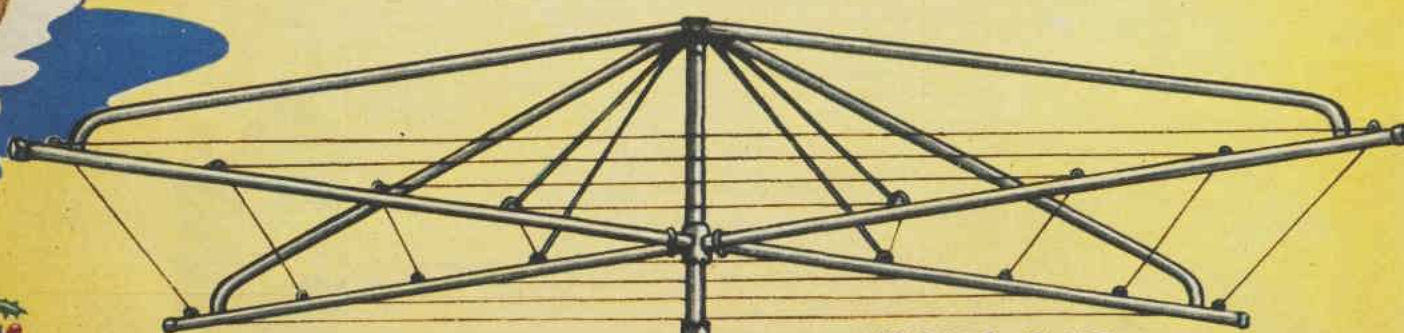
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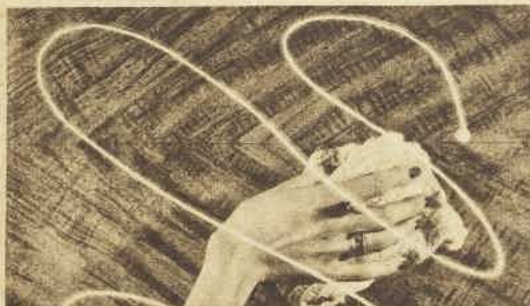


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EVENING IN
PARIS
PERFUMES

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there are a lot of aerodromes on the North American seaboard!"

"All marginal now."

"What does Captain Cavendish say to this?" Watching Bellamy carefully, he noticed a certain stoniness come into his eyes.

"I'm in command on this leg, sir."

"Surely we can find somewhere better than Iceland! That'll make us hours late! This aircraft is intended to operate non-stop in all conditions! The reception committee— He was getting really rather angry now. This pilot Bellamy, he had realised yesterday, was not so much his man as he had thought. Perhaps it had been a mistake to include him on the same crew as Cavendish. "The weather can't be as bad as all that, Captain."

"Worst situation I've ever seen." The pilot paused. "The Emperor can operate non-stop in the worst of normal weather conditions. But this is phenomenal—hundred-knot head-winds coupled with bad weather at all the terminals and alternates. You can't fight a situation like that, sir."

But Sir James hardly heard him.

"When are we turning off?" He had started to clamber down from his bunk, all hope of sleep gone now. He seemed just on the point of marching to the flight deck to take over.

"We've turned off, sir. Nearly an hour ago."

So there was nothing that could be done about it now. He sank into his seat, fingering the fat folds of his chin in furious concentration. "How late will that make us?"

"At least six hours."

It was the man's calm that was so infuriating. His apparent indifference to the issues at stake. Jolliffe felt as he sat there that he was in a prison—a beautiful airborne prison he had erected himself and had paid for and then handed the keys to someone else so they could lock him up in it.

Just as he had not explained the complications in the Emperor's building to the pilots, because they wouldn't understand, now Bellamy did not further elaborate on his decision, assuming with that infuriating airman's attitude to laymen that he wouldn't understand.

And then, realising the impasse, his well-drilled mind refused to try to shift the past. It was Iceland now. And Iceland had to be explained.

"Very well, Captain Bellamy," he said.

"Pity! Just one of those things." An observation like that, Sir James thought grimly to himself, gave warning of how much Bellamy understood. And then his parting remark, as he moved away, proved that lack of knowledge. "We won't arrive before 01.51. Time to get a couple of hours' sleep in, sir."

Sleep! Sir James was at that moment busily reorganising in his mind the programme of the proving flight. Already the words "due to the worst weather for many years" had occurred to him to explain the diversion. "The cautious skill of the pilots, sensing trouble ahead"—there were nine more. Wide awake now, he watched the dark, chunky shape of the pilot's back go through the door to the flight deck.

Nobody said anything to Bellamy when he came into the cockpit. Hooper, his eyes as wide as saucers, looked up from his set. As he settled himself back into the left-hand seat, Cavendish silently passed him the weather card.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 54

There had been another addition. Conditions had worsened, and the report concluded: "Rapid deterioration expected."

The North Star crawled higher in the sky. Perfectly at ease, Emperor Able Dog droned on the way Bellamy had pointed her, nearer and nearer towards Iceland. The winds, starting on the beam, were changing continually as the aircraft crossed over the circular pressure pattern of the Low. And every half-hour Hooper made another addition to the weather card concerning the surface conditions at Keflavik.

Heavy snow was now being reported, with a visibility of less than half a mile.

Bellamy sat quietly in the left-hand seat, studying the Notams—notes to airmen concerning aerodrome states and the serviceability of blind landing aids. Though the world knows the news about magnificent runways and marvellous scientific devices, it is only airmen who need to be warned to land on the left-hand side of such-and-such a runway, since work-in-progress has dug a deep ditch on the right, or to be told about the height of water towers, pylons, and other obstructions, or to be informed of the serviceability of the radio aids.

A NEAR-BLIND landing would be needed to-night—and the Emperor was equipped with a number of devices for accomplishing it. There was the instrument landing system, whereby the pilot follows two radio beams, one at the angle of his glide path, the other dead in line with the runway direction and called the localiser. If he goes too far to the left the needle flicks over to a yellow sector on the dial; if too far right, on to a blue. If he goes too low, another needle rises right up the instrument; if too high, it sags to the bottom. The principle is to keep the two needles making a cross in the centre.

There is real beauty in the simplicity of its teaching, except that sometimes a combination of circumstances (especially varying changes of gusty wind with height) can make it easier to propel a camel through the eye of a needle than to keep a heavy, wide-turning aircraft in just that descending condition of azimuth and altitude.

Then there is the range, down which the pilot follows an audible steady note—but sometimes he can't hear it in the crackling static of a storm, and the needle on the radio compass can be pulled all over the place around its dial.

Finally, on some selected stations (for the equipment is very expensive), the pilot can put himself entirely in the hands of other people, and be brought down to earth by the radar screen of the ground-controlled approach.

For Keflavik during that night, the Notams stated baldly that the ground-controlled approach was for the moment under maintenance, the radio-range legs had not been flight-tested and should only be used as a beacon. And of the two parts of the instrument landing system only the localiser was serviceable.

Cavendish had changed places with Seawood, and was now pacing up the tiny floor of the cockpit as though it was a quarter-deck. Every half-hour, as though he could influence the instrument, he bent over the radio while Hooper took down Keflavik's latest weather. But his presence

whose heavenly body could indefinitely maintain a position relative to space, must return to the earth whence she came.

The dark tops of the clouds came slowly up to meet. And then, in a great, wet come, they hugged her all over. Able Dog's wings shivered from the shock. Snow now flew towards them in a never-ending pattern of dots, falling nowhere. The altimeter like a clock going backwards read 16,000 . . . 15,000 . . . 14,000.

Bellamy had tuned in radio compass to the range station, but at present the needle was flickering around its dial, unable to make up its mind where to point. But on voice radio they could hear Keflavik Tower giving instructions to another aircraft.

Like a radio play whose plot had been found out, a usurper

whose heavenly body could indefinitely maintain a position relative to space, must return to the earth whence she came.

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Like a radio play whose plot

To page 59

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning November 26

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.</p>	<p>★ If your qualifications for your work are not high, consider ways of raising them. Refresher courses can also bring pleasant contacts. Plan ahead for next year.</p>	<p>★ Get set with holiday plans. Don't dither. Some of you may be putting wheels under your home for shorter or longer periods. Do not hop in blindly; investigate.</p>	<p>★ The one-and-only may invite you out with another boy and his date. Do not suggest long detours which will bring you home late and cause trouble.</p>	<p>★ Take to the road. You will have some entertaining experiences. This can mean seeing old friends, or teaming up with congenial new acquaintances.</p>
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in financial stability.</p>	<p>★ Money makes the wheels go around. If you could earn more, the extra cash might help you gain your wish. Otherwise, saving is the answer.</p>	<p>★ If you stick your financial neck out you are in trouble. Try supplementing your regular income with part-time work. The extra money will be useful.</p>	<p>★ If you imagine your beloved is absent-minded it may be only that he, or she, does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Young lovers hate being ridiculous.</p>	<p>★ If you cut down expensive amusements to save money it will be only in order to break out later. Meanwhile, shop for diversions that will not wreck the budget.</p>
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.</p>	<p>★ You enjoy meeting people, and this week you'll be among them. Listen and learn from those experienced; be friendly with those who could help you in your work.</p>	<p>★ Be prepared for chance visitors. Look over your guest list. Think up some new ways of entertaining guests. This is a generally propitious period for Gemini.</p>	<p>★ Whether it is just an understanding, a formal engagement, or the wedding date, your first thoughts will be for the person who counts most in your life.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is highly gregarious, and you are apt to pine when left alone. If arrangements doublebank you will at least be thrilled by your mounting popularity.</p>
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a job well done.</p>	<p>★ Plenty of real hard work and less play this week. It's up to you to make good, particularly if you have been boasting of your ability. Don't shirk responsibilities.</p>	<p>★ Get that overhaul off your mind. A brisk and thorough clean-up now will leave you free for Christmas shopping, holiday planning, and other more exciting tasks.</p>	<p>★ One of those rather uninspiring weeks when things move along as usual and nothing much happens. Suggest new and interesting places to visit with lots of atmosphere.</p>	<p>★ The supper-committee, pouring cups of tea, or washing-up is likely to be your fate, but the feeling of "belonging" and being appreciated makes it worth while.</p>
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic episode.</p>	<p>★ Luck and the element of chance favors you. If you're hunting a job, or seeking an increase in pay, you are surely in the money, for this is a really propitious cycle.</p>	<p>★ High links are in store for parents. The week ahead will be packed with family festivities in which the entire household will take part. Plenty of guests.</p>	<p>★ Ask him home to spend the evening. If your family are sports, they'll find an excuse to disappear and leave you the lounge. Give him a chance!</p>	<p>★ Top flight for all social purposes. The theatre, dancing, music—many of you will be performers as well as spectators. A regular merry-go-round ahead.</p>
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in the family circle.</p>	<p>★ If you are a homemaker, step high, wide, and handsome. Your job will keep you busy, and those moving into new quarters will be on top of the world.</p>	<p>★ Staying home to complete a special task? Whatever it is, you will spend happy hours in your home and discover that you like being there.</p>	<p>★ Invitations may make you wonder about the right thing to wear. Avoid dressing up when your escort will be in casual clothes. Better check up on it.</p>	<p>★ Hospitality is under excellent influences. Repay social debts, or just ask folks to drop in when they feel like it. Otherwise, you may prefer a quiet week.</p>
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a chance meeting.</p>	<p>★ Many a business errand is likely to squander your time, but in the end you hit the jackpot. You'll need to be aggressive and persistent.</p>	<p>★ You may resent being called from your usual round, but it will give you new ideas. At least one piece of knowledge will be put to practical use.</p>	<p>★ It's not too early to begin wondering about what sort of present to give him, or her, for Christmas. Make sure that it is absolutely right.</p>	<p>★ Your best social moments may be unplanned. You may take pleasure in what you feared might be boring, and be disappointed in regard to an anticipated good time.</p>
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ In any trade you will gain advantages this week. Buying and selling are under smiling stars. As a shrewd bargainer you cannot fail to increase your assets.</p>	<p>★ Set out to accomplish the almost impossible and you will triumph. There is going to be a smile on your face and a lift in your heart during this period.</p>	<p>★ Whether you are looking at an engagement ring or a small token of affection, don't go into ecstasy over the most expensive things. Show pleasure in his choice.</p>	<p>★ You are an excellent organizer when you choose. If the handling of practical affairs is left to you, success is sure, especially in connection with the raising of funds.</p>
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in personal influence.</p>	<p>★ Tact and diplomacy will take you farther than either ability to deliver the goods or sound arguments. The salesman's approach is your best bet. Be confident.</p>	<p>★ Home and family surround you with affection and appreciation. Friends and neighbors will go out of their way to cement their ties with you. Parties galore.</p>	<p>★ Love comes when it chooses. Any attempt to love someone through gratitude or because you think you should is doomed to failure. You may discover this soon.</p>	<p>★ Office responsibility may be thrust on you, or you may assume it because you see the necessity for leadership. Support your helpers to the best of your ability.</p>
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in careful planning.</p>	<p>★ Pull every string. Bait your hooks, but do not expect an immediate nibble. Watch competitors, and say very little about your own hopes and ambitions.</p>	<p>★ There is a secret in the household. You may not be in it, but don't worry too much. Talk and laughter behind closed doors add to the spice of home life.</p>	<p>★ Obstacles are made to be overcome, but conflicts of character are more serious. If you each like different people and different amusements, it's a danger sign.</p>	<p>★ Patience while social enterprises mature will be your greatest asset. You cannot hasten unwilling or irresponsible people into situations they cannot handle.</p>
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, violet. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in sport and social events.</p>	<p>★ The influence of friends could be valuable in business. A job or a presentation if you have been active in some group. Otherwise, a venture with a friend.</p>	<p>★ Most of you look up and step out. Preparations for looking your best may be your chief concern. You might find a new use for an old possession.</p>	<p>★ Nothing is too much trouble if it pleases the one you love most. A curious incident may be the means of cementing your romance even closer.</p>	<p>★ Outdoor interests are fine for health and companionship. If you play any game, practise to improve your skill. Hobbies are valuable for new contacts.</p>
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in knowing the right people.</p>	<p>★ Put on a stunt that could raise your standing with the boss and workmates. It could put you in line for a niche to which you are well suited.</p>	<p>★ Do you have to entertain your son's new girl-friend or your daughter's first love? Your home is going to be the setting for an interesting evening.</p>	<p>★ There may be a social occasion nearby which you plan to attend with your beloved. Try to link up with a party or group for a better time.</p>	<p>★ If you are anxious to join an organization, find the best possible sponsor. If you are sent on a mission on behalf of some group, speak up boldly.</p>



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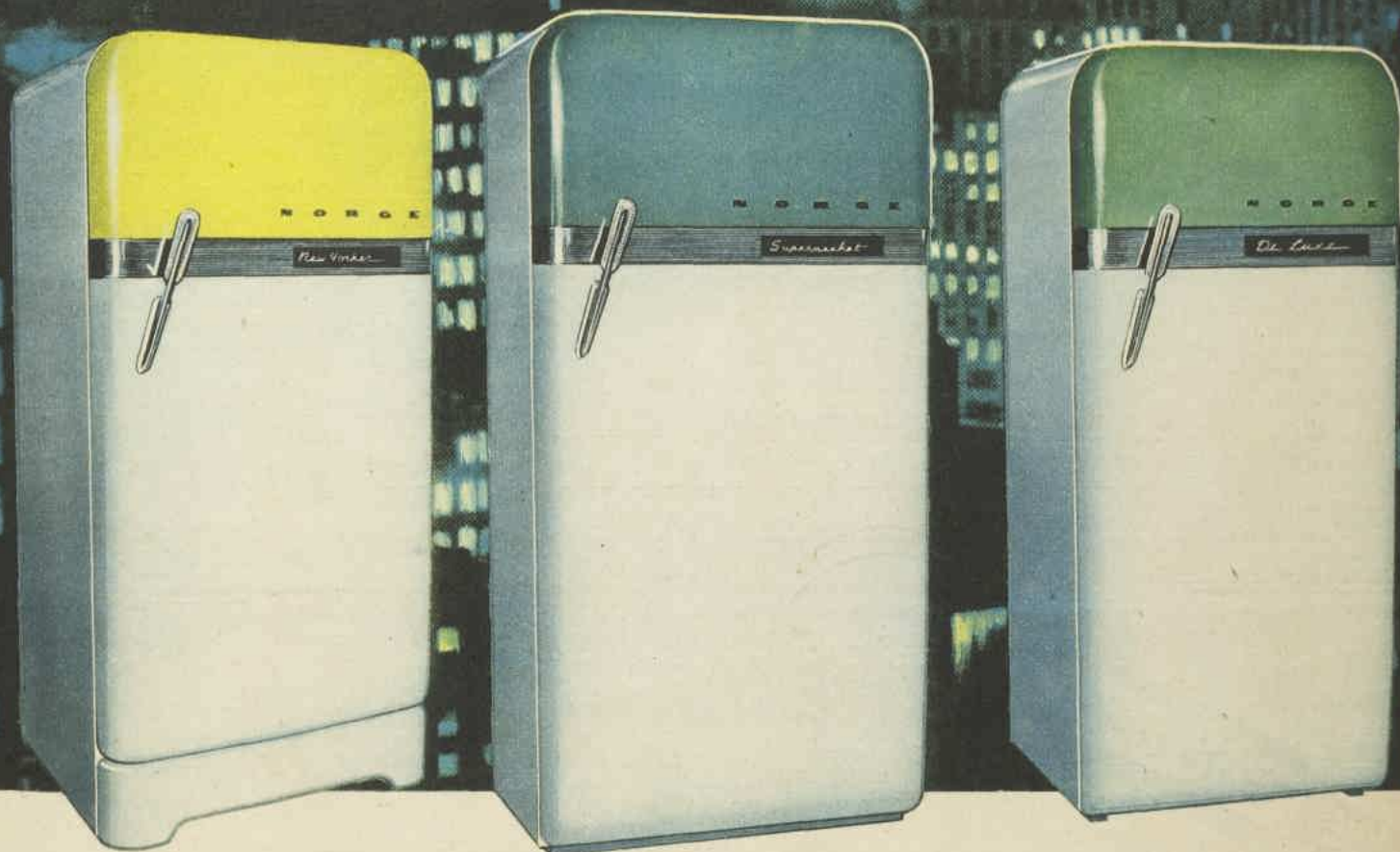
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was oddly prophetic of their own future, they heard:
—You are now Number One to land.

—Roger, roger . . . I'm Number One, Tower.

—Keflavik Tower to Six-oh-six. Latest visibility, six hundred yards blowing snow. Runway lights turned full-bright.

—(Laconically) Six-oh-six is on final.

—Clear to land, Six-oh-six.

—Say (in a conversational aside), is this localiser serviceable? Needle's got D.T.'s.

—Flight checked yesterday, Six-oh-six.

—Maybe it's this wind! What's the cloud base? (Pause.)

—(Very loud) What's the latest cloud base?

—Hang on, Six-oh-six. We're just checking for you.

—(Very fast) Where - ja-think - I - am - straphanging - in - a - New - York - subway?

(Back to a professional rate of speech) For your information, approach speed of a D.C.6 is a hundred and twenty knots.

—What's your altitude, Six-oh-six?

—Four hundred feet descending.

—Can you see anything, Six-oh-six?

—(Bitterly) Snow.

—Do not descend below Company limits.

No answer.

—Here is the latest weather: ceiling indefinite, visibility four hundred yards.

No answer.

—Ceiling indefinite. Visibility four hundred yards.

No answer.

—Can you hear me, Six-oh-six . . . Six-oh-six . . . are you receiving me?

No answer.

—SIX-OH-SIX!

—(A microphone switch crackle) See anything, Bob?

—(A brand new voice, almost inaudible) Nuttin'.

—(With relief) Request your position, Six-oh-six . . .

(The gentlest of reminders) Your aircraft intercom is on the broadcast position.

—Thanks . . . (Officially) Six-oh-six is overshooting. Now

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 56

at three hundred feet, climbing east of the field. Request clearance back to London at 19,000 feet.

—You're not making another attempt?

—No, sir!

—Climb on course. Stand by for clearance.

—Climbing on course. Standing by for clearance . . . (A long pause, then good-humoredly, philosophically) Know somp'n? Don't believe you got an airfield under that stuff.

Just don't believe you have!

Bellamy said to Cavendish, "There's a D.C.6 gone back to London."

"Why . . . couldn't he get in?"

"No."

The altimeter unwound past 5000 feet. Keflavik Approach

Song is the licensed medium for bawling in public things too silly or sacred to be uttered in ordinary speech.

—Oliver Herford.

cleared them to the Tower, and the Tower, having obtained two-way communication, informed them that they were "now Number One."

Impatient as he was to get down, mindful of the probable increasing violence of the weather, Bellamy nevertheless was carrying out the standard procedure more fully and correctly than ever he would have done in practice.

He knew there were no shortcuts to safety. The weather and the visibility were almost impossible. Therefore, his flying must be dead accurate, unhurried, his eyes taking in, all at the same time, a many-dimensional scene of instruments, controls, throttles, and correlating what he saw with his arms and legs.

The Emperor was bumping about much more now. The new wings shook up and down, protesting. Eased back, the engines grumbled into the cold, snow-filled air.

"Visibility," the Tower said, "is now two hundred yards."

The needle on the radio compass, tuned in to the range station, wavered and hesitated, but Bellamy could get a mean of its position, despite the bad static that was diverting the signal. He saw the instrument landing system indicator move over hard into the blue sector. Then he throttled back farther and descended to 1500 feet with half-flop and undercarriage down, and all landing checks complete.

The I.L.S. needle came over towards the centre again. Wrestling with the controls in an effort to keep a steady course in the bouncing, turbulent air, Bellamy got the nose of the aircraft pointing in the reciprocal direction of the runway, still keeping exactly to the let-down pattern as laid down by the Company route book.

For a full two minutes he went away from the airfield, and then altered course on a procedure turn, so that Able Dog finished on a course for the instrument runway, eight miles from the threshold.

"On final," Seawood told the Tower.

Cavendish stood quite still between the two pilots, alternately staring ahead into the snow-filled darkness and looking at the stopwatch, timing them from the Outer Marker. Able Dog was rocking about like a wild thing. Everyone in the cockpit was held by the tenseness of Bellamy's concentration. Slowly, he allowed the aircraft to move lower. The needle on the I.L.S. localiser gradually crept into the centre.

Lower and lower the aircraft descended into the blackness of the night. The alti-

meter lazily unwound, 600 feet, 500 feet, 400 feet, 300 feet. Seawood was calling out their height above the airfield.

At 200 feet they seemed to break cloud. The only difference was that it became slightly less dark and now the red light on the nose did not reflect back at them.

Bellamy had his eyes glued to the instruments, his hands all the time making their disciplined slow movements on the controls.

"Time!" Cavendish called.

"See anything?" Bellamy asked, his head still down.

"Nothing!"

"Gear up! Rated Power!"

At maximum continuous power, Able Dog raced back into the night again. Bellamy took her up to 1500 feet, and once again began the complicated manoeuvre of positioning the heavy aircraft in line with the invisible runway.

The Tower reported that the wind had dropped a little. There didn't seem to be so much blowing snow. But on the next approach, though Bellamy brought her down lower, nobody saw anything. On the fourth attempt, Seawood caught a glimpse of two runway lights, flashing by in a sodden, muzzy glow—so separate that they seemed to belong to another world, an uninterested, placid world which had no business to do with Emperors.

But someone had at last seen something. The runway was there. And on the fifth approach there was more hope in the cockpit.

Sweating a little with the effort of manhandling the aircraft, Bellamy still remained outwardly self-possessed and calm. He knew he had to get in. He knew the I.L.S. was bringing him accurately to the runway. Putting all his skill and experience into following the needle, doggedly he followed its moving indications.

To page 62

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LAVISH ELEGANCE



● **LOVELY TRIO** of colors is combined for the theatre and dinner dress (above). The material is luscious satin. The rouge-red cummerbund is bound high under the bosom and spiked with a single pink rose. Moonstones and gold are used for the exotic necklace and long, matched earrings.



● **SHORT-SKIRTED** formal (above) extended to the new longer length—six inches above the ankle. The dress, by Christian Dior, is made in layered mousseline, and large roses in self-material trim the front hemline. Dior calls this silhouette, with fullness swept to side and back, Tornado. It is a new line for autumn.

HERE are eight new ways a woman can be in fashion and look alluring at night. This season, that Paris triumph, the short-skirted evening dress can be

just as elegant as a floor-length gown, and a dress, whether long or short-skirted, can be slender or full. Stiff beautiful silk, thin papery taffeta, super satin, printed faille are the fabrics of the season. For the grand ball gown, white is unsurpassed, and is often lavished with contrasting colored embroidery. The most formal accessory in a really formal season is the shoulder-high glove—and there is scarcely one dress worn without its own fake or real jewels.—**BETTY KEEP.**



● **WHITE SATIN** in a formal mood (above) from the Paris house of Fath. Beautiful embroidery in sapphire-blue and silver trims the moulded bodice and apron-fronted floor-length skirt. The sapphire and-crystal necklace and earrings were designed by the same house specially for the dress. Shoulder-high white kid gloves complete the superb ensemble.



• PAISLEY-PRINTED silk faille in blues with a flash of gold is Pierre Balmain's choice for this slender-waisted, floor-length sheath-dress. The Empire-line is suggested by back draperies starting from under the shoulder-blades. A three-strand pearl necklace and dangling pearl earrings complete the ensemble.



• AMETHYST and sun-burst-red are used by Jean Patou for his two taffeta evening dresses (above) with the new high waist-line. Patou designed the dresses and added matching shoes and long gloves.

• DIOR'S green and black flower-printed satin evening dress (below) has a matching jacket worn casually with its sleeves tied scarf-wise. The dress is worn with a glittering jet necklace and earrings.



• "VIOLETTE RUSSE" (above), by Norman Hartnell, a spectacular grand, floor-sweeping ball gown in stiff white slipper satin. The matching stole is lined in violet and green. Bunches of violets, embroidered in sequins and beads, trim the stole, the strapless bodice-top, and one side of the narrow skirt, which has an enormous, apron-like overskirt.



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He brought the Emperor down past 200 feet, 100 feet. "Fifty feet indicated," Seawood warned.

Cavendish called out: "Five seconds to go." Bellamy counted them to himself—one, two, three, four, five, holding the aircraft level on the artificial horizon. "Any sign?" he shouted.

"Nothing," Cavendish said. Then, "Wait! Yes . . . there are the threshold lights!"

Bellamy allowed his eyes to come away from the instruments and look out. He saw one white light. The L.L.S. indicator was dead centre. He called abruptly, "My throttles!" and, slamming the four levers hard back, he pushed the nose down.

Another white light reluctantly revealed itself, slightly below them and to port, before snuffing out. The speed dropped past 110 knots. Bellamy edged the Emperor's nose higher until she started to sink into the black, bottomless pit below her. He opened the throttles so she hung on her propellers.

Then he saw two more lights, one on either side of the runway. More slowly this time he closed the throttles again and hauled back on the nose.

Slowly the Emperor munched on to new-laid snow. Her wheels made a soft crunch and began to slow up rapidly. Then she stopped.

For a few moments nobody in the cockpit said anything. Bellamy got a handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his face. Seawood said, "Nice landing, sir."

"Well, at least we're down. Problem now is . . . how do we find the ramp?"

Though he knew Keflavik well, in the blind invisibility Bellamy had to use his compass and the map of the field in the route book. The Emperor crawled forward from one dim glow to another.

Bellamy tried the landing lights, which twitched on to grey rocks, half covered in snow, and then shone back in his face. "Hopeless," he said,

as he switched them off. The wind was tearing at the tail, slapping it about as though it was a rigid steel sail. The side windows were open, and both pilots peered out into the night.

"We've sent a Follow-me Van to bring you in," the Tower told him, "but I think it's got lost on the way."

Eventually, over two thousand miles away from where a swarm of high-up aviation officials and representatives were making their way to New York International Airport to welcome her, the Emperor—her four propellers thrashing the wet air, her brakes gently

Many people when they fall in love look for a little haven of refuge from the world, where they can be sure of being admired when they are not admirable and praised when they are not praiseworthy.

—Bertrand Russell.

squeaking—loomed up out of the snow-storm, bedraggled-looking and half-frozen, to make her first appearance on foreign soil before an audience of three.

One of those three was Murdoch, the Company's one representative in Iceland, warned by wireless, only too unhappily aware of the great honor that had unexpectedly been thrust on his shoulders.

The other two were American A.F. marshallers, each with a torch. They had been on duty most of the day and all that night. The ramp was already jam-packed full of jet-fighters flying to England, troop transports on their way to Europe, diverted commercial aircraft that had been delayed

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for the night. They took in the unfamiliar outlines of her unorthodox design. They gawped at the swept-back wings, mistily indistinct, contained between a muzzy red light on her port side and an almost invisible creme-de-menthe glow on her starboard.

One of the Americans pulled down the long peak of his cap, tilted up his head and blinked the snow out of his eyes. Then he said to the other, in a voice shrill with indignation: "Aw, Eddie . . . what we got here? A flying-saucer?"

Sir James, flanked by Cavendish, elbowed his way through the packed Reception Hall at the head of the Emperor's inhabitants. Irritable voices muttered and shouted. Men parked round the bar. Women sat patiently shushing the children. The harsh metallic voice of the Tannoy regretted to announce cancellation after cancellation.

Presently, over cups of coffee, the Chairman was impressing on the Under-Secretary that "it was the worst Atlantic weather within living memory," and adding, on the bright side, "We'll be airborne within the hour. Six hours or so late . . . that'll be all."

He saw Bellamy struggling through the mob.

"Want us out at the aircraft right away, Captain?" He drained the last dregs of coffee in his cup with an eager relish. Then he put the cup back on the saucer balanced in his hand and saw the bad news in Bellamy's eyes. "Well . . ." he added grimly, "what is it this time?"

Eastlake and Crutwell, the two designers, standing in the group as far as possible from each other, individually held their breaths. Then each of them saw the pilot produce the folder he had been given at the Meteorological Office

and they could breathe again. Nothing to do with either of their departments, after all.

Bellamy said, "The weather . . ." and began to explain.

Sir James waited until he heard the word "night-stop" before saying quickly, "Was Captain Cavendish with you at the Meteorological Office?"

"He was, sir."

"Then where is he now?" "He's arranging accommodation with Murdoch," Bellamy paused. "It isn't going to be easy, with all this crush."

Sir James said, "I feel we should discuss this situation together, Captain Bellamy."

"Can't see there's anything further to discuss, sir."

He was so glaringly wrong that the Chairman did not trouble to disagree with him. There was everything to discuss. A discussion between the two of them, properly conducted, would take all night—cramped as it would have to be with descriptions of the growing faith he had felt in the Emperor, even before she had been built; of long tramps in search of money and backers, of political arguments with governments, of fights with other airlines, of exhaustive efforts to keep on good terms with the manufacturers, of long nights without sleep when there were labor troubles, delays, unforeseen mechanical snags.

There were millions of man-hours filled with sweat, hope, and dreams, all of them delicately balanced on the pivot of a successful proving flight. And the man said there was nothing to discuss!

All Sir James did was to call out, louder and more insistent than before, "Where's Captain Cavendish? I want Captain Cavendish! Ah, there he is!"

One head taller than the sea of faces around him, the older pilot, with Murdoch slightly ahead of him, slowly struggled towards them. The company

To page 64

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Home Economist of Kelvinator.

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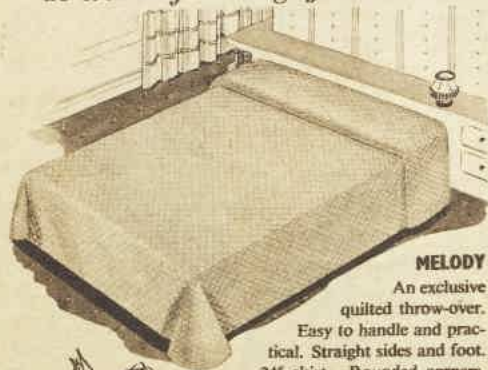


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Continuing

The Proving Flight

representative reached the circle first.

from page 62

"I've got two rooms, sir." He had threatened, fought, and bribed to get them. "Mr. Brocklehurst in 21. And you in 24, Sir James." He turned to the others and ruefully shook his head. "Nothing else left, I'm afraid."

But the Chairman brushed the man aside. "Captain Cavendish," he said, "you've seen the weather?"

"I have, sir. A most complex situation."

"But surely there must be somewhere—"

Cavendish methodically stroked his chin. "The temperature at Montreal—" he began.

It was enough. Through the grey overcast the Chairman had seen the glimmerings of light. A great hand came up under Cavendish's arm. The Chairman started to move forward and the pilot moved forward with him.

"This calls for a get-together. Between the two of us, I mean. Room 24, Murdoch said. This noise!" The Chairman's round face gave a wince of pain. "Up there at least we'll be able to hear ourselves speak!"

It was perfectly obvious to

lines of the long sentences followed by the emphatic dots of the short ones all vividly contributed to the design of all his difficulties, the invisible blots on the Emperor's silver sides. And right in the foreground, painted a rich red, was the money involved.

He finished by saying, "And these enterprises are always so uncertain that something quite minor" — he shrugged his shoulders — "like night-stopping in Iceland, might be disastrous. The Press might take the wrong slant. People might get the wrong idea. Before she had a chance to prove herself, the Emperor might get a bad name!"

A short silence fell between them. Then, with eloquent simplicity, the Chairman signed off. "That's my side of the picture," he said.

Cavendish fingered his grey moustache, preparatory to beginning the pilot's painting on the back of the same canvas.

"Now, from the master of the aircraft's point of view—" he began, but Sir James was too quick for him. "Now, tonight . . . we managed to land. Therefore, the visibility is ade-



"Let's see . . . Was I going to bed or getting up?"

the Emperor's crew and passengers, as they left the circle with Murdoch slightly ahead again, that Bellamy was in high disfavor. Cavendish was the Chairman's man now. Side by side, they mounted the stairs. On the first landing Murdoch produced a key, installed them in room 24, and left them alone together.

It was very sparsely furnished. There was one chair and a small bed, with a rectangular slab of grey wool placed like a prayer-rug on the plain wood floor beside it. The curtains had not been drawn, and the Chairman, as though the sight of the snow-filled darkness offended him, walked over and flicked them impatiently across the window. "Cigarette, Cavendish?"

"Thank you." "You take the chair. I'll sit on the bed." Sir James' body dented the clean counterpane. He leaned towards the pilot and immediately came to the point. "Now I shall be quite frank with you. A lightning sketch of all the things behind the building of an aircraft like the Emperor . . . that's what I'm going to give you."

His tongue came out of his mouth, as though to oil his dry lips. And then he started.

He had a wonderful control over words. He picked the powerful ones out as easily as an artist chooses and blends the colors from his palette. The spaces, the change of tone, the

quate for the actual operation take-off. Am I right?"

His paint-brush parried before it could express itself, Cavendish frowned. "Just. But . . ."

"From what Bellamy said, I gathered that the forecast weather on the other side is better than here."

"That wouldn't be difficult, Sir James." At last his brush had registered—but the color and shape were transformed by the Chairman's overlaying, "But we landed."

"After a considerable—"

"And forecasters being what they are . . . the American weather might be perfectly all right, after all."

"Company regulations—"

"But this is no ordinary commercial flight!"

"Very high headwinds, of course—"

"But look at the Emperor's range . . . her power! And what a trouble-free performance she's given us from London!"

"She's certainly kept remarkably serviceable."

"Smooth! Smooth!" Sir James paused, partly for breath, partly as though now he was positively encouraging Cavendish's collaboration. "And there's the temperature at Montreal you mentioned earlier."

"Yes . . . interesting, that. A possibility, perhaps, of fog

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 64

say anything against him. He's a young man, not settled down yet. He's a skilled man. But still . . . and I'm sure you see what I mean . . . a pilot. I was surprised when I found he was in command on the eastbound."

"I was reserving myself for the homeward trip, Sir James."

"Quite! But you and I are of the same generation. We know where our duty lies. And I want you to take over now. In a difficult situation like this . . . something more than piloting is wanted." Sir James raised his head, and his eyes glittered with a burning respect. "Leadership! The pioneering spirit! You . . . Captain Cavendish!"

For a few moments they sat in complete silence, looking at each other gravely. The smart that Bellamy had inflicted on Cavendish by the argument on the aircraft was cooling now in the balm of this smooth ointment. The pilot suddenly stood up, towering above the round figure on the bed.

"They will have refuelled her by now," he said. "We have lost enough time on this flight . . . already."

Sir James reached the door before him and turned the handle. Standing there, he waved his hand forward. "After you, Captain," he said.

They left Room 24 in high good humor with each other and walked down the corridor. Beside the tubby figure of the Chairman, Cavendish seemed to be taller and straighter than ever.

Half-way down the stairs the lights went out.

Sir James made a joke about fuses. With difficulty in the

darkness they located their own kind. Then the lights came on again.

Cavendish was just saying that the Emperor would be taking off immediately, under his command, when Murdoch came up to interrupt him. The

The Chairman suddenly grasped what the man was driving at. "You mean . . . there's no runway lights now?" "None, sir. And no I.L.S. and no main radio. Until the cable's repaired."

"And when will that be?" "Tomorrow some time, sir. With all the snow, it'll be difficult. I'm afraid it rules out



"Harvey, you remember Virginia Lloyd?"

short spell of darkness had not been fuses. A tractor engaged in towing the snow-ploughs over the runways had inadvertently taken them over the main power cable, cutting it to shreds.

"But the lights have come on again!" Sir James expostulated.

"The domestic supply and the telephones have an emergency system, sir. That's why everything's on now. But there's no emergency system for the field."

take-off until after the sun comes up."

The Chairman seemed to change color. His cheeks went a ripe, bulging red. He appeared on the point of bursting. And then, as though with a supreme effort, his lips closed tight, one on top of the other, and his face reverted to its accustomed calm and its usual complexion.

Sir James had fought nearly everyone there was to fight in the British aviation industry.

Alternately with the Government, he had been down on one knee and up in arms. He had flattered and threatened. He had borrowed other people's money and mortgaged his own. With his employees, he had inspired a few and driven the others. Even now, on the proving flight, he was still battling — against the very elements themselves.

Through all that avalanche he had won out. And yet, after this single arrant piece of carelessness committed by an unknown oaf, there was only one thing on heaven and earth that was left in anyone's philosophy.

And that was to go to bed.

Sir James and Brocklehurst departed, with Captain Cavendish in attendance. Left on their own, without a centre, the human circle from the Emperor for the moment looked lost, until Bellamy stepped into the vacant middle to make arrangements for their lodging.

"Looks like the barn for us tonight," he said. Then he turned to the stewardesses. "But you two might as well go to bed properly in the aircraft bunks."

"Yes, sir," Lalette said for both of them, and they started to squeeze their way through to the door.

Bellamy called after them: "Don't use the lights! The batteries are low . . . and I don't want you messing around the cockpit, looking for the master switch. You've got torches?"

They nodded at him vigorously and moved on towards the door. Then, huddling their shoulders up and shielding their faces, they dashed through the snow across the ramp and up the stairs by the Emperor's flanks. In the light of her

torch, Lalette opened the heavy aircraft door.

Inside, Angela shivered. "Cold," she said.

"Absolutely petrifying. I thought the men were being uncommonly chivalrous!" Lalette smiled wryly over her shoulder as she closed the door. "Let's keep some of that air out, anyway."

She rubbed her hands together and looked around the cabin. It was not quite dark. An opaque bluish light leaked in through the portholes from across the snow, and the pale paint diffused it around the cabin into a glimmering, ghostly light.

"Anyway," she said doubtfully, "there's plenty of blankets. Look, if you put your torch beside mine we can see to get the bunks down." She kicked off her shoes and stood up on one of the seats to tug at the handles.

"I thought," Angela said at last, still standing in the same place as though she had been really frozen to the spot, "that you were supposed to be the small and helpless variety."

"Sometimes," Lalette said. "But not here and now. And certainly not for your benefit." She smiled down at Angela, and then went on fixing the bunks into the down position.

"What wouldn't I give for a cuppa! If the Big White Chief hadn't said no lights, we could make quite a cosy brew. Anyway" — she jumped down — "I'm going to forage."

She came back, swinging her torch gaily and tossed a packet of biscuits into Angela's hands. Then she curled herself into one of the seats and said, "You know, it's really fun, after all. It's a lovely sight if you look out of the galley window. You

To page 67

The car that's turning Motoring Mountains into Molehills . . .

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City or country, highway or byway, you'll really appreciate the Morris 'Isis.' For this big, powerful, extremely robust car is setting new standards of comfort and performance even under the toughest conditions. The brilliant 6-cylinder 86 b.h.p. engine produces the kind of power that says "go ahead" . . . the suspension and transmission have exceptional strength . . . the spacious 6-seater interior has a host of outright luxury refinements. The Morris 'Isis' is the outstanding car in the medium-priced field . . . the car that's perfectly suited to Australian conditions. Call your Nuffield Distributor or Dealer and he will bring the 'Isis' to you for a fact-proving demonstration.



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- brilliant 6-cylinder engine—silent, extremely flexible . . . provides split-second getaway and high speed
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SuperTex



can see all the aircraft and the snow and the lights in the hangar. It's quite a picture!"

Angela had slid reluctantly into one of the seats. She sat, her face half turned towards the curtained porthole, her arms hugged tight across her body as though to protect her.

"I don't think it's fun," she said flatly. "None of it has been. And now this cold!" She clenched her fists and banged them together. "I never could stand cold. Never!" She looked across at Lalette. "I was brought up in India. Daddy was Indian Army."

"I see," said Lalette gently. "But if you get ready for bed you'd feel better."

"I can't. Not for the moment. I'm too cold to move." Her teeth chattered together.

"Well, put a couple of these around you." Lalette pulled down two of the cellular blankets and tossed them over to her.

"And all the fuss there's been all day! That awful send-off! Having Sir James on board! And then everyone knew something would go wrong. I know I did." Angela covered her face with her hands. "I knew! I knew it! I knew it! And then . . . it did!"

She put her hands down in her lap and looked around the cabin with a sudden calm that Lalette found rather eerie. "And now to sleep in it as well," she whispered. "I feel so shut in, as though I'll never get out. Just like we all did up there . . . in the cloud . . . seeing nothing. Just going round and round."

Very quietly, she had started to cry. "And then that awful landing! Five attempts! Worst I've ever been in." She looked across at Lalette. "And other people were frightened, too. I know they were."

Her eyes wandered from Lalette's face, beyond the pool of torch-light that they sat inside

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

(from page 65)

to the grey shadows of the rest of the cabin. But it was all quiet and unrevealing. On the ground the life, good or bad, had gone out of it.

Lalette shrugged her shoulders. "Well . . . we're here now. That's all that matters. We did get down."

Angela said wearily that she supposed it was. She reached for her expensive fawn leather overnight bag and then sat staring at it as though trying to remember what it was for.

Lalette had begun unbuttoning her blouse. "You know," she said, eyeing Angela warily, "the longer you sit there the worse it'll get. The cold, I mean."

Angela whirled round suddenly. "Leave me alone!"

Lalette looked around, pretending to be absorbed in the unzipping of her skirt. Then she heard a snuffle from Angela. She saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Nervously Lalette edged nearer. She put out a hand to touch the other girl and then withdrew it. After a moment, afraid to speak, she stretched out her hand again and put it on her shoulder, and, with quite disproportionate relief, she saw that Angela was going to allow it to remain there.

Sympathy and the desire to comfort seemed to well up inside Lalette, only to crack the little vessels of conventional phrases and to leave her without anything to say. She wondered if understanding could come out of her fingertips, and she pressed a little harder for them to express it in good measure. Gently, she edged her hand across the back of Angela's neck and on to her other shoulder. Then she drew her closer.

Quiet minutes went by. The nearness of another human being, even the slight warmth of her body seemed to soothe Angela. Outside the wind was rising. It pushed and nudged the side of the aircraft as

though a big animal moved restlessly in a stall beside them. Instinctively, they huddled close to each other.

Gradually Angela stopped sobbing. She gave her face a final scrub with her ball of a handkerchief. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "All this fuss! I don't know what you must think of me."

"That's all right," Lalette stood up and stretched, her voice quite shaky with relief. "It's this cold." She peered at Angela's face in the torch-light. "You look pretty blue." She pursed her lips. "You know what? I'm going to boil a kettle!"

Angela smiled briefly as though her mouth were just

trying the feel of it. "I must say, a hot drink would be nice."

"A hot drink and a hot bottle. Absolute bliss! And absolutely essential!" She fished inside her bag and brought out a pair of highly impracticable satin mules, and then, stockinged heels smacking against the quilted soles, she moved gracefully towards the galley.

She was back almost at once. "I forgot," she said, "about the master switch. Now, where would it be?"

Angela shook her head. "I can't remember from the conversation course. Should I know?"

Lalette pursed her lips. "If you mean would you get a 'below average' if you didn't, no. But unless we're to die of cold and thirst and general frustration, yes, you should. Or I

should." She tapped her white teeth with her fingernail thoughtfully. Then she said: "Well, it's bound to be up at the front. That's one thing."

Angela looked distressed again. "But ought we to? I mean, Captain Bellamy did say —"

Lalette said quickly, "Well, there's no harm in looking. It's not sacred up there. Not quite. And I think I can remember which it is." She started to move towards the door. "Come on," she called over her shoulder. "Stretch your legs. Come and make sure I don't pull up the undercarriage or something."

Angela got up and followed her through the flight-deck door.

Through the wide front windscreen a strange glow came from the lighted windows of the reception hall, which outlined the dark emptiness of the

two pilots' seats, glittered here and there on the glass of an instrument, and showed up with a cold, flat light the deserted put-away look of the navigator's table, the engineer's panel, and the radio officer's equipment. Hundreds of dark button eyes looked back at them, round dials grinned or frowned or kept blank faces.

Angela shivered. "It all looks different, doesn't it?"

"Very!" Lalette scanned the front instrument panel, and then turned and looked at the engineer's. "Now, let me see . . ." She laughed. "It would be rather awful if I really did do something dynamic!" She giggled helplessly. "Imagine old Bellamy! Only imagine!" She looked in silence for a moment, her finger poised. "Ah, there it is, I betcha!"

She flipped on a switch with a for-a-sheep-as-a-lamb air. "I'll wait here if you'll try the kettle and the hot-plate. Will you?"

Angela nodded.

"Oh, and try the cabin lights as you go by."

Through the half-open door she saw the long cabin suddenly illuminate. Then Angela put her head through the doorway to the galley, and called, "Everything's working. Hot-plate, kettle, and lights." She smiled.

"Praise be!" Lalette waltzed herself skilfully round and round up the aisle and into the galley. She screwed her eyes up and rubbed them. "I say, is it the light? Or do you feel a bit grim?"

"A bit." Angela put up a hand to her face, and it was still not quite steady.

"Look," Lalette said, giving her a gentle push out of the galley, "leave all this to me. You choose your bunk. The ones at the back haven't been used yet. And I'll make you a drink."

She hummed to herself while she boiled water, filled two hot-water bottles, and put them in

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Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WE stopped for petrol, and I got out of the car to speak to the garage attendant. As I wasn't sure how much petrol to buy, I said to my wife: "How's the petrol tank, dear?"

She replied: "Well, the indicator says half, but I don't know whether it means half-full or half-empty."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. J. Ryan, 15 Drysdale Street, Malvern, Victoria.

Send your entries to "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

AS we have been married only six months, my husband still enjoys washing up while I wipe. One night when we were entertaining a young married couple, my husband rushed into the kitchen, neatly stacked the dishes in the sink, and poured a kettleful of hot water over them.

"Now watch this," he said in a superior tone to the visitors. But a moment later he looked up sheepishly. "I forgot to put in the plug," he cried.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. J. Burfield, Aldgate, South Australia.



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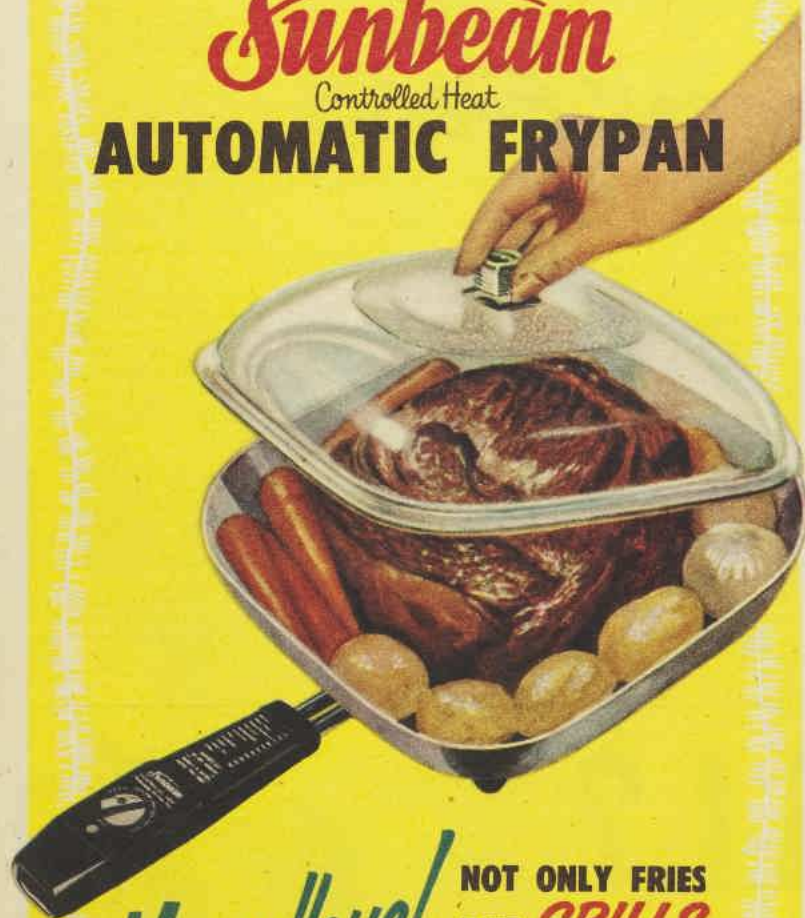
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Life is so much easier when there is a Sunbeam Mixmaster in the kitchen to do all the tiring work of food-mixing. Just a flick of the switch and it whirls through all the mixing automatically—and at scientifically correct speeds. Now available in four lovely colours, as well as white, to suit all kitchen colour schemes. Optional attachments: Juice extractor, blender, mincer.

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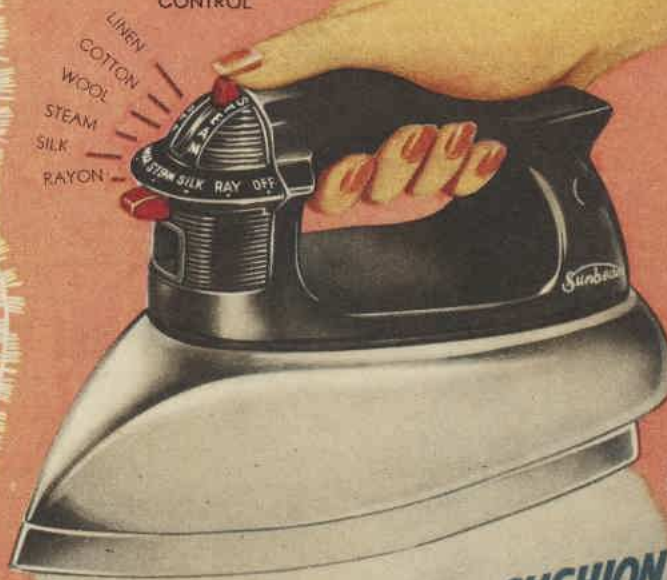


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the bunks, and made the hot drinks. Five minutes later she put her head round the door. "Get into bed; I've put your hot-water bottle in. The drink's just coming up."

She came slowly up to the bunk, carrying one of the Company's cream plastic trays. "If you wanted tea, I'm sorry, but you're going to be disappointed. I thought it would keep you awake, so it's hot milk instead. And there's a couple of aspirins, just to make sure."

She watched Angela, looking relaxed and comfortable in her demure white nightgown, sip the drink gratefully.

"There's something in it, isn't there? What is it?" She sniffed the beaker that she was holding in both her hands to keep them warm. "Brandy?"

Lalette nodded and laughed. "I took some out of the first-aid kit. That will really warm you. Now, don't say what someone or other'll say, because no one will say anything. I'll pop it back when we get to the bar tomorrow. Otherwise, they might think Hamilton was having a nip!"

They both laughed heartily at the very idea of Mr. Hamilton breaking the law.

Angela drained the beaker, and handed it back to Lalette. "You make a good nurse," she said, "and I feel much better." She huddled herself under the blankets. "But tell me," she added anxiously, as Lalette turned away. "Weren't you nervous yourself? I mean, just a bit?"

"Oh, I was terribly nervous at the time. But I knew Bellamy would get us down. If it was possible. And if it wasn't . . . well . . . there wasn't much any of us could do about it."

"But in here . . . in the cold, thinking about it . . . I was awful, I'm afraid. Daddy would have hated it. He loathes that sort of thing."

A ghost of a smile plucked at the corner's of Lalette's mouth, but was immediately laid low. "Oh, different things make different people feel mis-

erable. It's the cold that gets you . . . Now, with me—"

"Oh," Angela said a shade disapprovingly. "I really can't imagine anything getting you down. You're not the kind."

"Well . . . let's hope you're right." Lalette began to close the curtains of Angela's bunk. "I don't suppose it'll be a long night, but sleep well."

She walked over to her own bunk and finished undressing. She folded her clothes with mechanical respect, and then scrambled into bed. Then she rested her body, now suddenly tired, the first humble, unpaying guest on the soft, foamy freshness of this much-advertised luxury bunk.

The others had gone to the bar.

This was a disused hangar, separated by wooden partitions into cubicles containing six or eight bunks. When things got desperate mattresses were taken along there, together with rough, brown, army blankets, and it served as an overflow dormitory.

Through half a mile of snow they had battled down the road in pitch darkness, leaving Bellamy and Cavendish behind to wait for the 04.00 Tatars—the long-range weather forecasts—due any time now.

The crew knew the place of old, but it was worse than they remembered. The emergency supply did not cater electricity for it, and the place was already full of stranded men of a number of nationalities. A couple of noisy poker games were going on by candlelight. A party over in one corner was guarding its liquor against the invasion of uninvited guests.

"You're sure this is it?" Payton asked Douthwaite.

The navigator smiled. "This is it, sir."

They went from cubicle to cubicle, peering into the darkness to try and locate odd unused beds. Riley and the doc-

The Proving Flight

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continuing steadily south-south-west.

tor got two bunks, one under the other, in quite the quietest backwater. Payton was not so fortunate. The only bed he could find was in a cubicle larger than the others, in which a card game was in full swing. He pulled his ration of scrubby blanket around him, and turned his cold face to the wall.

Hooper and Rawlings found two beds over on the far side, away from the door. Before he got into his bunk the engineer tested it. Under his weight, it didn't give an inch.

Fully clothed, they clambered in and lay down. For a number of minutes they listened to the snores and the talking, while outside the wind howled. Then Rawlings suddenly sat up in bed and said, "I've had enough of this!"

Hooper grumbled, "Bad, isn't it?"

The engineer swore. "Awful beds! Awful blankets! Awful noise!" A large leg came over the side, above the radio officer's bunk.

"What you doing, Red?"

"I'm going!"

Hooper sat up in alarm.

"There's nowhere to go!"

"There's the aircraft."

"But Bellamy said—"

"This is an airline . . . not a school! Girls' dormitory . . . boys' dormitory. Who does Bellamy think he is? The headmaster?"

"All the same—"

"He won't find out, anyway." The engineer eased his body gently back on to the floor. "Are you coming? Or aren't you?"

"Well, if you're going, Red—"

Outside they found the snow had turned to hail, coming down thick and fast over the bleak blasted heath of Keflavik aerodrome. They lowered their heads and ran.

The wind, gusting in from the Atlantic, beat strongly against their half-hidden faces,

The 04.00 Tatars showed that a marked improvement could be expected in the Maritimes around 20.00 next day. Gander would still be out, but Goose was lifting. New York and Boston, recovered from their sea fog, would both be good.

But along the route the winds would still be against them, in some zones as much as 90 knots. Cavendish, after considerable thought, had decided on a Composite track, over the Greenland ice-cap till civilisation was reached round the Laurentians and Montreal. And as Bellamy didn't disagree he didn't argue, but instead, after Cavendish had set off for the barn, stayed behind to have a chat and a cigarette with Murdoch.

It was very late when at last Bellamy said good-night and went off to bed. His way led across the ramp. In spite of the icy wind, he turned his eyes up to look at the millions of pounds' worth of aircraft herded there, each under its quilt of snow.

Suddenly a great glow of light shone out into the blizzard. He stopped. The Emperor, among all her dark bed-mates, glittered from nose to tail in a blaze of glory. Her cockpit lights, her cabin lights, her navigation lights sent out a flaming glow of warmth into the cold night.

He walked quickly across the fifty-odd paces to the aircraft.

With a frown he noticed the footprints in the snow around the steps. Then all the lights went out.

Blinking in the sudden darkness he ran quickly up the stairs. He banged loudly on the door. "What's going on?"

There was no answer. He hauled the big door back and

stepped through into the cabin.

"It's only us, Skipper," Rawlings' voice said, half-apologetically, half trying to bluster it out. "There wasn't a hope of sleeping in that barn, sir. And—"

Hooper interrupted him with: "Some skippers, sir, they let the crew sleep in the aeroplane."

"Get your things," Bellamy said, "and get going!"

Then he remembered the lights, half-forgotten in the surprise of finding the two men. He tried the switches. The cigar-shaped cabin was flooded with hard illumination. The pilot's face was pale. Hooper and Rawlings looked embarrassed and slightly indignant. And the grey curtains of the girls' bunks were quiet and still, but almost visibly listening like wide-open elephants' ears.

Bellamy looked at the lights. He said, for the first time raising his voice a little as though he was too tired for a moment to control it, "Who put the master switch on?"

"Not me," Hooper said quickly.

"Only just got in here. Haven't touched a thing," said Rawlings.

The grey curtains parted. "I did," Lalette said.

Bellamy swivelled round slowly and stared at her. For about ten seconds he kept his eyes on her face. Then he looked away from her and back to the others.

"Sorry, sir," Rawlings and Hooper said together.

"Turn the master switch off, Rawlings," Bellamy said, and the engineer hurried up the aisle to the flight deck.

The cabin became once more dark. Bellamy reached over and flicked the switch off. As though he could feel her waiting for him to speak he said quietly, "Why did you put the switch on?"

Lalette's voice was low. "To make a hot drink. I'm sorry."

Bellamy said nothing. When Rawlings came back he said, "I'm sorry, Skipper, we didn't mean . . ."

"I know," Bellamy wearily. Then as the three of them shuffled towards the door he shone his torch for and said, "Good-night."

Lalette called out to "Captain Bellamy, I'm sorry. About the lights and everything. I . . ."

He shone his torch, a to one side of her, away her eyes. Her face was and strangely pointed fatigue in the indirect. Her short hair, rumpled sleep, was like a flurry of gold snowflakes. She bit her eyes. Just for a second her mouth trembled.

"You didn't touch any of the other switches?"

"No, Captain Bellamy," moistened her lips. "I'm so she began again flatly.

"That's all right, then," said. "Good-night." He turned towards the doorway.

"Good-night," she said. She sat still, listening to sound of his steps on the stairway. When all was quiet she lay down on the low, her mouth pressed its soft thickness.

"Whew!" Angela sat up in bed. "I must say he never have made quite such a about it. After all—"

stopped.

"Lalette," she said.

There was no answer.

"Come on," she said. "can't be asleep."

Lalette said, "I'm alone."

Good-night."

Angela listened. The still thumped and snuffled body of the aeroplane. A few seconds a burst of hail machine-gun fire rattled on metal sides. But along the noises of the storm out went a quieter one—one kept mood with the snow the cold.

Someone else now was in this aeroplane. But for fear of it, not for the imaginable things that might happen in the morning.

For something much, much worse.

To be continued

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The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne office.

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STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

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G23

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● IN LUXURIOUS WHITE PEARL as well as in four glamorous fashion colours.

For lasting beauty...



Pearl CUTEX 63

Continuing . . . Is He The One?

[from page 45]

and crying excitedly, "Engaged? When?" Now her hand was outstretched and they were all squealing over the ring that glittered on her finger. "Divine," Midge Greene was saying, her voice dripping envy.

Lesley stirred a little in her chair, a smile on her mouth. Now she was walking down the church aisle on her father's arm. Her bridal gown was a floating white cloud that wrapped her in beauty, and a murmur seemed to rise faintly like a sigh from the crowd as she passed: "Oh, how lovely! . . . Isn't she a dream?" . . . And there was Biff Caldwell, who had given her such a rush up at the Cape last summer, and then dropped her suddenly for that giggly Carpenter girl. He had a stricken look on his face that said, "What did I let slip away from me?" She could see that he was eating his heart out with regret.

Lesley's mind lapped up the scene like cream; oh, how sweet, how delicious it was. And then, suddenly, the whole picture was arrested into a still life. Where was Ted?

Her smile faded. She swallowed and closed her eyes, doggedly seeking out exactly right. And suddenly, just like that, his face popped obediently into her mind; she saw the horn-rimmed glasses, the straight nose, the firm mouth. She felt an overwhelming relief.

"Does it always get results?" a voice said.

Lesley's eyes flew open, and she saw that it was the young man again. "Does what get results?" she said.

He grinned. "That method you use to—ah—concentrate. The closed eyes, the limp body, the arrested breathing."

Suddenly, because she could remember Ted now, Lesley felt a rush of gaiety.

"And the stopped pulse," she said. "Of course, if you can go into a coma, you get the best results of all."

"Well, well," he said. "I'll have to try it." He closed his eyes and let his head fall back. "Give me a mathematical equation."

She hesitated. But there was something too infectious about his foolishness to resist. "How much is two and two?"

He frowned, his eyes shut, his body very still. Then he said, "Four." He opened his eyes, looking awed. "How do you like that? I usually use an electrical computer." He sat up straight again. "Something tells me, however, that you weren't working out mathematical equations before."

Lesley blushed. Suppose she said, "I was trying to remember what my fiancée-to-be looked like." How awful it would sound. Nobody would understand that a thing like that could happen and yet not have a thing to do with the intensity of your love. It was like a temporary nervous black-out, that was all. Anyway, she remembered Ted's face perfectly now.

"My name," the young man was saying, "is Warren Trent."

Lesley hesitated as she looked at him. He was smiling, and his teeth were very white. Suddenly Ted was sponged cleanly and completely from her mind.

"I'm Lesley Gibson," she said, and all at once the colors around her were brighter, deeper, and it was wonderful to be nineteen years old and on a railroad train talking to a new and good-looking young man. She loved to rise to an occasion, and now it was as if all her senses had been alerted in expectation.

"You know," he said, "this kind of thing is what they call 'meeting cute' in the movies."

"Meeting cute?"

"Sure. You know those situations they dream up. The boy

and girl meet on top of a bus when she gets something in her eye, or she's coming through a revolving door and he bumps into her."

"And she drops all her packages," Lesley said, her blue eyes bright. "She says something cutting and terribly clever that makes the audience laugh."

"And he has some really biting retort." He shook his head. "I dunno. Whenever anything like that happens to me, the only dialogue I can think of is: 'Sorry—my fault,' or something really brilliant like, 'Where's the fire?'" He sighed gloomily.

"Oh, well," Lesley said. "Some Hollywood writer puts those words into their mouths. Probably if that same boy and girl bumped into each other in real life, they'd get tongue-tied, too."

"How true. Actually, all the females I bump into are either too fat or too skinny or in their fifties. I guess I just don't go through the right revolving doors." His face changed and his words came slowly: "There was only one time when it all worked out exactly right."

"Really?" Lesley said. Her mouth was parted. "When was that?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

They looked at each other and, somehow, Lesley could not look away. When she finally turned her face toward the window there was a circle of dryness in her throat, and her heart-beat was quite fast. "There's something exciting about him," she thought.

As she looked out the window a woman came out of a wooden house not far from the railroad tracks and gave her dusting cloth a little flit in the air. She was plump and fair-haired, and she reminded Lesley suddenly of her mother.

"I know you, Lesley."

LESLEY sat motionless. Ted, she thought feebly, Ted . . . Was it possible that her mother was right; that she didn't know her own mind yet when it came to love?

Suddenly she was furious. "She's not right," she thought, biting her underlip. "She's not, she's not. I was just having a little fun, that's all!"

"You know," Warren Trent said, "you're really confusing me. One minute you seem filled with good cheer, and the next as fierce as a wooden Indian."

She turned to him and said lightly, "Oh, I'm a woman of a thousand faces." Picking up the magazine she had brought with her, she added, "Excuse me, will you? There's a story I want to read."

His face was suddenly smooth and polite. "Certainly."

"I'm being rude," Lesley thought. She felt a pang. She could not bear to hurt anyone. Maybe if she told him she was on her way to meet her fiancée he would understand that her mind was on more serious things than bright conversation with a stranger. She could bring it out casually with something like, "I hope the train is on time. My fiancée is meeting me, and I wouldn't want to keep him waiting."

She opened her mouth to speak, but somehow the words would not come. For some reason, she didn't want to tell him that she was practically engaged. Confused, she looked down abruptly at the open magazine on her lap, staring fixedly at a recipe called "Meat Loaf Louisiana." The words did not register, but she felt a little better. This was the

way the scene should be; the other had been all wrong.

She kept her eyes determinedly on the printed page. After a while something inside her eased. Actually, what had really happened? Less than nothing. That moment before, when their eyes had met—she hadn't really felt anything. It had been like—not an optical illusion—but an emotional illusion. It was Ted she loved, deeply and forever.

She drifted into a dream in which she was fifty-nine years old and it was her wedding anniversary. Her large family was gathered around the table and Ted, grey-haired and distinguished, was lifting his champagne glass to her in a toast: "To my lovely wife and her steadfast devotion which has never wavered for an instant during forty happy years."

There were cheers, and some blowing of noses. And then Lesley turned to her white-haired, shrivelled mother. "Remember," she said softly, "when I was nineteen, Mother, and you said—"

The train rounded a curve, and Lesley lurched sharply. Her eyes went out to Warren Trent, and she saw that he was looking out the window. He was whistling soundlessly between his teeth and looked as if his thoughts were far away. Something faintly pinched at her heart.

She drew in her breath. "We seem to be going quite fast now."

He smiled at her. "For the ground, yes. We'd be crawling in the air. Do you like to fly?"

"I don't know. I never have. The idea scares me a little."

He looked surprised. "Why?" His chair swivelled around.

"Oh—I guess I'm a coward at heart."

"You don't look like one."

"I know. Most people who meet me think I'm—"

She stopped.

"Think you're what?"

"Well, ready for anything."

"And you're not?"

"Actually, I'm a very conservative person. A little—"

reserved." She looked up, blushed, and was annoyed with herself.

But he was grinning. "You're about as reserved as I am. We're both naturally outgoing and conversational. We love to meet people and find out what they're like inside."

"Really?" Lesley struggled for the next words. "You seem to know me remarkably well. Naturally, your opinion has been forming gradually over the years."

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I go in regularly for snap judgments. Most of the time they're wrong, but my judgment keeps on snapping just the same."

Suddenly she grinned. "You're crazy."

"Now, that's a snap judgment if I ever heard one." He jumped up. "How about having a lemonade with me in the club car?" He looked down at her. "Now that we're introduced and everything."

"But that's just it. We haven't been introduced."

"Oh—we'll talk a bit and hit on someone we both know. That's as good as an introduction any day. What college do you go to?"

"Wellesley."

He looked thoughtful. "Do you know Peg Roland?"

"Never heard of her."

"Liz Austen? Kay Summers? Jane Schlesinger?"

Lesley looked up at him suspiciously.

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Continuing . . . Is He The One?

from page 72

theatre. "A fellow I know," Warren said, "got a bit part in a hit play last year—'Black Pennies.' Did you see it? Harry Oxlord, his name was. He played the handyman."

Lesley's whole body stiffened. "Harry Oxlord?"

He leaned forward expectantly. "Do you know him?"

"No."

"Then why—?"

"I think I know someone who does. A cousin of mine had a friend who mentioned him." She frowned in concentration. "It was at a party—"

She looked up swiftly. "They called him Tubby. This friend of my cousin."

He frowned, then brightened. "Fattish? Wears glasses?"

"I think so. I only met him briefly."

"Tubby Mason. He came up once to Hanover to visit Harry." He let out a soft whistle and his whole face changed. "Well, what do you know! We're introduced."

Their eyes met, and again they could not look away. Lesley could feel something soft and wonderful rushing through her.

It was as they were returning to their car that it happened. In the narrow passageway near the door Lesley half-turned to say something, and then lost her balance as the train curved. He caught hold of her. The motion of the train steadied, but he did not let his hands drop. His face was close to hers, and his warm breath made her dizzy.

"You know something?" he said in a low voice. "I almost took the plane this trip. Can you believe it?"

She swallowed, looking up at him. "I'm glad you didn't."

"Not as glad as I am." His hands tightened on her shoulders. "When am I going to see you again?"

"I don't know."

"You are going to see me, aren't you?"

Her breath came light and quick in her throat. "Yes."

His hands dropped. "Well, then. When are you getting back to the city from your aunt's?"

She was smiling up at him, bemused. "My aunt's?"

"Didn't you say you were on your way up to visit your aunt?"

The faint smile became fixed on her face. And suddenly it all flooded back into her mind: Her Aunt Clara. TED.

She stared up at Warren Trent, feeling a numbness at

foolish upright feather on her hat was vibrating like a radio antenna. Under the hat, her face looked small and very young, and a little pinched.

"You are a monster," she told herself, "a freak. You have a heart that works on rollers, like a Ferris wheel. It revolves, and then stops every ten minutes so that someone can get out and somebody else get in." Her mouth curved bitterly. "Come one, come all; just get in line."

Abruptly, she turned away, as if she could no longer meet her own gaze . . .



the back of her skull. Then she said, with difficulty, "I'll just be up there a few days." She drew in her breath. "Look. You go ahead and I'll join you in a little while. I want to comb my hair."

"Sure thing," he said. "I'll smoke a cigarette."

But after he had gone, she did not move. Her face was pale and bleak. "I forgot all about Ted," she thought. Oh there was no question about it! She couldn't fool herself any more. Ted was gone, gone with the wind. And she was terribly attracted to a new man.

Her head turned and she saw herself in the window. The

When she got back to the car, Warren was still in the smoking car. She sat down and leaned her head back as if she were very tired. Opposite her, a middle-aged woman sat next to a man who was obviously her husband. Now the woman leaned towards him, her face soft with concern.

"Sam," she said. "Why don't you try to sleep a little? It would make your head feel better."

Lesley watched her broodingly. She thought, "They've been married for a long, long time, but she still loves him—she'll always love him. She's the way Mother is about Dad."

Something pricked at her eyes and throat. How blessed some women were, to have hearts that were fixed and stationary, enfolding one — and only one — love. She looked away.

"Not for me," she thought despairingly. "Never for me. I'll go on thinking that it's this man, then that man, and finally I'll be wearing bifocals and a back-supporter, and there won't be any man at all."

Warren stood suddenly before her. "Did you know we are nearing Utica?" he said. "That's where I get off."

They talked a little longer. Then the conductor was calling out: "Utica! Utica!" They were going to stop there for twenty minutes.

On the platform outside Lesley said, "You run along. I see a phone booth and I'm going to call my mother."

"I'll wait for you," he said.

"Well—" Meeting his clinging gaze, she felt the familiar flutter again, as if she were poised on the brink of something wonderful. But as she turned away it was like a bitter-sweet thing, a tangled joy and pain.

In the booth she got her mother with surprising speed. Her mother sounded astonished. "There already?" she said.

"Not quite. I'm at Utica," Lesley said. "Mother . . ." She stopped.

"Yes, dear?"

Lesley's throat clogged. "You don't have to worry about that—that business with Ted's family. I may meet them while I'm at Aunt Clara's, but it won't mean anything."

There was a silence. Then a sigh. "Oh, Lesley, I'm so relieved."

"Well—" Lesley swallowed painfully. "That's that!"

"How was the trip so far?"

"Oh, fine!" She drew in her breath and gazed bleakly at the wall of the booth. "I met a very nice boy."

"Oh!" The word seemed to swell with meaning.

"He's a friend of Tubby Mason's."

"Who?"

"A fr— Oh, it doesn't matter. A friend of a friend." Suddenly she wanted to cry. "Awfully attractive. Well—I've got to go now."

"Lesley."

"Yes?"

"I was in love with five boys before I fell in love with your father."

Lesley stared, stunned, at the wall. Then she licked her lips. "Five boys?"

"Five!"

Lesley opened her mouth, but no words would come. She closed it again.

Her mother said, "I couldn't seem to settle on anyone." A pause, a sigh. "It was like being on a kind of emotional seesaw."

Lesley blurted out, "I thought you were steady as a rock."

"I am now. I wasn't at nineteen. I couldn't seem to make up my mind about anyone. And then your father came along, and it was made up for me." Her voice became warm and soft: "You see?"

Lesley whispered, "I see."

Love pierced through her.

For a moment neither one said anything. Then her mother said cheerfully, "Have fun at Aunt Clara's."

When Lesley came out of the booth she looked up. Warren was standing nearby. The afternoon sun was glinting on his light hair and he looked tall and quite handsome.

She began to walk toward him. Her mother's words came back to her: "I couldn't seem to make up my mind about anyone. And then your father came along, and it was made up for me."

She looked at Warren. "Is he the one?" she thought. Maybe he was. Maybe he wasn't. She just didn't know yet.

A little smile came to her mouth. Some day she would, and that was all that mattered.

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It is so easy to cause embarrassment to yourself — and to others — by unpleasant mouth and body odours. The Chlorophyll in Cream of Yeast is an outstanding source of confidence that the taker is free from such embarrassing odours.

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At work and at play, you cannot get the most from life unless you are feeling fit. You cannot even relax properly if you feel upset and harassed. Cream of Yeast gives you a quick, but beneficial and lasting health "lift." In next to no time, you are bounding with vim and vitality, yet calmly eager to tackle any task, able to enjoy yourself to the utmost but able to enjoy leisure. Gone are dreariness, weariness and disinterest — no matter how hard the pressure of work, how hectic your daily (and perhaps nightly) round, you will find that extra "pep" you vitally need in Cream of Yeast. There's a good reason for this.



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Cream of Yeast is a most modern and up-to-date medicine created especially to meet the rushed and exhausting conditions found in present day activity. Compounded from six valuable medicinal ingredients, attention has been paid most particularly to the type of yeast. Of course, yeast has been recognised by medical opinion for thousands of years as an excellent source of health-giving energy but now Cream of Yeast takes the very best of this, and presents it in a most effective standardised and augmented form.

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Cream of Yeast is effective for both men and women. Particularly, it is ideal for the busy man, because it can be taken so easily, anywhere, at any time. Whether faced with difficult business problems, a crowded social round, an active sporting life, or a combination of these, Cream of Yeast will give you the extra vigour that puts you in the lead — and keeps you there.



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CHRISTENING PARTY



CARD PARTY



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APRICOT	ORANGE
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Treat your guests to McWilliam's Wine Cocktails. With the range of twelve palate-pleasing Cocktails, you are able to make drinks to suit everyone easily and quickly. This Christmas, give and serve McWilliam's Wine Cocktails.

LONG DRINKS

1½ ozs. Cocktail, fill glass with ginger ale, lemonade or soda water according to taste. Long drinks can be embellished with crushed ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber. In fact, you can make an almost unlimited variety of palate-pleasing drinks with McWilliam's Cocktails.

SHORT DRINKS

Fill small glass with Cocktail and add a maraschino cherry.

from page 41

few places in the world where he was entirely unknown. Secondly, under the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Herman Melville, and other writers, plus his own romanticism, he had yearned for years for some lush island paradise in which to end his days.

Nukahiva, when he first saw the island, was so beautiful that Bert wept unashamedly. It did not seem possible that such transcendental loveliness could be real.

At first there was some little difficulty about obtaining permission to settle in Nukahiva, but Bert had anticipated this. From an official of the Colonial Ministry in Paris, a man to whom he had once rendered some service, Bert obtained a letter of commendation to the Administrator. On production of this, all difficulties vanished like magic.

This letter — and Bert was uncomfortably aware of the fact — was the weakest link in the chain of his disappearance. But he hoped that, even if his friend in the Colonial Ministry remembered the name of his firm — and he doubted this — the chances of any contact were so slight as to be negligible.

The more he saw of Nukahiva, the more he liked it. The climate, though warm, was excellent, the people friendly, and the soil rich. Here a man could lead a full life provided his tastes were reasonably simple.

Two weeks after his arrival Bert bought a small, Europeanised house. It had two bedrooms, a large lounge, a fine, shady verandah with a view across a wide bay. There was no plumbing, but there was a hot mineral spring in the garden.

The previous owner — a French official who had retired to France — had constructed a bath-house which ensured privacy. The hot spring was extremely efficacious in the relief of rheumatism, of which Bert suffered occasional twinges.

So the first fruits of his sojourn in this remote island was a complete absence of any rheumatic pain, thanks to frequent immersions in the bath-house.

At least half of Bert's luggage was books. He had arranged while in Sydney to have a further constant supply of books, periodicals, and newspapers sent to him. Now, and for the first time in his life, he would be able to catch up on his reading.

Meanwhile, the rich soil of the garden was crying out for cultivation. And Bert, who was accustomed to an active life, set to work with a will to make himself independent of outside sources of fruits and vegetables.

Bert spoke French fluently and he was soon on pleasant terms with the small official and mercantile community, but during these early months in Nukahiva his chief pleasure in the evenings was to lie full length in a cane chair reading, in the certainty that his train of thought would not be interrupted by the telephone, or Lucy's voice asking him for a five-letter word meaning a fruit and ending with — mon.

When tired of reading he put himself in Lucy's shoes, trying to guess just how she had set about the task of finding him. Her first inquiries, of course, would be at the office of Welland Brothers, where she would have been told that he had resigned and that nobody had the smallest know-

ledge of his movements or intentions from the day on which his resignation had become effective.

Then, Bert guessed, she would have called on Dick Hayden. He, poor chap, would have been embarrassed by having to confess that he, too, knew nothing.

At this juncture, if he read her character and likely behaviour rightly, Lucy would indulge in the luxury of a little private grief at No. 17 Lawn Crescent. Her vanity would have sustained her in the belief that in a few weeks, or months, and, despite his letter, Bert would return to her.

Doubtless, she had rehearsed ad nauseam a lachrymose scene, at the end of which she would forgive him and welcome him back to his home.

Shortly after his forty-sixth birthday Bert was delighted to realise how adaptable he was. He had shed the old life as a snake sheds its skin and, as he expressed it privately in his own thoughts, taken to the new life as a duck takes to water. He wondered whether Lucy would have expressed it thus neatly.

In Nukahiva the rich soil, alternating rain and sunshine, made the ground a forcing house for weeds. It was impossible to keep pace with them. But fortunately it did not matter. Weeds or no, there were always vegetables aplenty.



"Too muddy, can't plough yet."

Aubergines, okra, chick peas, several gourds, including a delicious melon, christophines, sweet potatoes, yams, and many more simply ran riot.

Planted by his predecessor, Bert found several varieties of banana, oranges, guavas, passionfruit, avocados, papayas, and other fruits too numerous to mention, all with the irreducible minimum of effort on his part.

On the outward journey Bert had more than once wondered whether the romantic writers who had described the Pacific island had not been guilty of drawing the long bow. But now, amid all the luxuriance, he knew that, if anything, they had understated the immense fertility.

There was a shortage of razor blades in the islands and, when his own were exhausted, Bert considered that a beard gave him a distinguished appearance.

Good brandy and excellent rum were cheap in the islands. Bert, who had always prided himself on being able to shake an excellent cocktail, began to experiment. There were certain difficulties, the chief among these being the absence of ice.

But by trial and error he evolved one excellent drink which he called the "Hartley-Simmonds Special." Scooping out twenty passionfruit and straining them through a handkerchief — preferably a clean one — he mixed the resultant juice with an equal quantity of fresh pineapple

juice, choosing for the purpose pineapples just short of ripeness, so that the juice would not be too sweet.

To these were added a few shavings from the peel of a bitter orange. These gave the mixture a certain zest.

All that it then required was the admixture of an equal quantity of brandy or rum. Bottled and corked, and left for twelve to twenty-four hours at the bottom of a cool, deep well, the "Hartley-Simmonds Special" was quite delightful.

As a substitute for coffee, bacon and eggs and toast in the early morning it was an unqualified success.

One evening, when well into the second bottle since sundown, Bert remembered Lucy's pursed lips and the look of disapproval on the rare occasions when he had drunk more than one whisky and soda. The memory evoked sent Bert into peals of uproarious laughter.

Standing out in the garden in a deluge of rain, he shouted defiance to the elements. Obediently the thunderstorm ceased, the clouds rolled away, and the sky once more became a placid star-lit dome. Bert felt omniscient and godlike.

This called for a celebration. He nearly fell down the well while hauling up another bottle of the "Hartley-Simmonds Special."

Bert had a bad dream that night. In it Lucy went by accident to the Sydney bookshop which supplied him.

There was a distressing scene on the beach at Tai-o-hae, with Lucy screaming ugly recriminations and then, after a fit of weeping, imploring him to return to England with her. The outlines of the dream became somewhat fuzzy at this stage and altogether inconclusive, but when Bert awoke he was alone.

This occurred in the third year of Bert's self-imposed exile, at which time some rather odd rumors were circulating about him in Nukahiva. He had developed the habit of talking to himself — not in conversational tones, but at the top of his voice.

He was still living upon his travellers' cheques and, upon his rare visits to Tai-o-hae a complication arose because of his inability to countersign them with a signature which resembled his own. There was, understandably, a certain reluctance upon the part of the French trading house where he was in the habit of obtaining money to provide him with funds or credit.

When it was suggested to Bert that his signature might improve if he curtailed his intake of "Hartley-Simmonds Special," he was deeply wounded.

Indeed, the incident assumed a sinister significance in his mind, as part of an elaborate Communist plot against him, a plot, furthermore, to which the Administrator was a party. To make matters worse, Bert accused the Administrator openly.

During the period of enforced sobriety which followed the cutting-off of credit, an official (instigated, doubtless, by the missionaries, who were also in the Communist plot) brought Bert a slip of paper, informing him that he was now "persona non grata."

The little house was seized for debt and, protesting violently, Bert found himself one morning upon the deck of an Australian trading schooner bound for Sydney. When the schooner dropped anchor in Woolloomoolloo Bay, Bert was carried ashore to hospital.

After some five weeks in a

To page 78

feedin's fun at our house



* No more colic — no more wind

Steadiflow

BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE

- Controls milk flow automatically
- Encourages correct mouth and teeth growth
- Doctor-designed hygienic teat

Standard glass	Boilproof pyrex	Unbreakable plastic
5/- complete	6/6 complete	7/11 complete

AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



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"Every year more and more housewives are taking on a job," says dressmaker-housewife, Madame P. Fischer, 28 Anglo Road, Greenwich. To any woman thinking of doing the same, Madame Fischer has this advice:

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"Remember you'll have half your usual time for housework, so work out a routine. Then, of course, you must keep up your appearance. Nice hands are an asset in any job you take. For instance, all the time I'm fitting a customer my hands are on view. That's why I give them the best of care — and that includes using Persil on washday. Persil, I find, is especially kind to hands, keeping them soft and smooth."

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Toothbrush
money can
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NO SLIP GRIP

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COLORFUL ODDITIES

Some of the strangest plants in the garden world belong to the euphorbia or spurge family, which ranges from the small snow-on-the-mountain to spiny or prickly shrubs; from the tall poinsettia to big trees.



EUPHORBIA marginata (above), or snow-on-the-mountain, a garden favorite, and *Euphorbia jacquiniiflora* (right), with its tall clusters of reddish flowers, are attractive members of an unusual plant family.

MOST euphorbias grown belong to the tropical and sub-tropical species, and many do quite well in temperate climates as far south as Melbourne.

At this time of year the dainty little half-annuals snow-on-the-mountain (*Euphorbia marginata*) and Mexican fire plant (*Euphorbia heterophylla*) can be sown. The fire plant often will last two or three years in warm districts.

Euphorbia marginata is an old annual garden favorite that produces cream-green foliage and white bracts with tiny flowers in the centre. It grows to about 18in. It is ornamental, and seeds fairly freely. The Mexican fire plant closely resembles tall, shrubby cousin, the poinsettia, producing colorful red leaf-like bracts and very small reddish-and-yellow flowers.

This plant should be sown from seed and standing — as it does not transplant well. The same applies to snow-on-the-mountain.

One of the best known of the family in Australia is the brilliant poinsettia, which can be obtained in single form (*Poinsettia herrerae*) and the so-called double-flowered variety (known as *Double Eck*).

A creamy yellow variety is popular along the coast from Sydney to Queensland. Rooted cuttings can be set out now.

Like most euphorbias, poinsettias will not stand heavy frosts, although if planted facing east or north-east against a wall or fence they will do well up to about 1500ft. altitude in New South Wales, and in warm areas as far south as Albury. Melbourne gardeners who give this lovely shrub good attention can get satisfactory results.

The poinsettia is easily propagated from cuttings taken after the red bracts have fallen in late winter. It usually makes its first display in early winter. In very good soil it will grow to 10 or 12ft. It suckers freely and should be thinned regularly.

The "double-flowered" poinsettia is easily the most brilliant, but, like the single type,



needs hard cutting back to the main trunk after the bracts have fallen.

Probably the most quaint and curious of this family is the snake-like plant known as *Euphorbia caput-Medusae*, or Medusa's head plant, because of its resemblance to the mythical goddess with hair of snakes.

This grows well in a big pot or deep basket, over which the sinuous, slender stems spill downwards a foot or more. It is a vegetable oddity sufficiently queer to be included in any indoor collection.

A plant often-regarded as a cactus is another member of this extraordinary family. It is *Euphorbia splendens* and it is armed with sharp thorns.

However, if planted in a deep pot or a rockery bay not often disturbed, it makes a brilliant display with its tiny red bracts or flowers, which appear almost throughout the year. Its common name is crown-of-thorns.

One of the strangest of the family is a native tree of Venezuela known commonly as cow-tree, which yields rich sweet milk used by the natives as a health drink.

Most euphorbias exude latex or whitish sap, so gardeners allergic to such juices should take care — they may cause skin irritation.

Many have poisonous juice, but most ornamental types are safe and do well under garden conditions if given uniform warmth and moisture during growth.

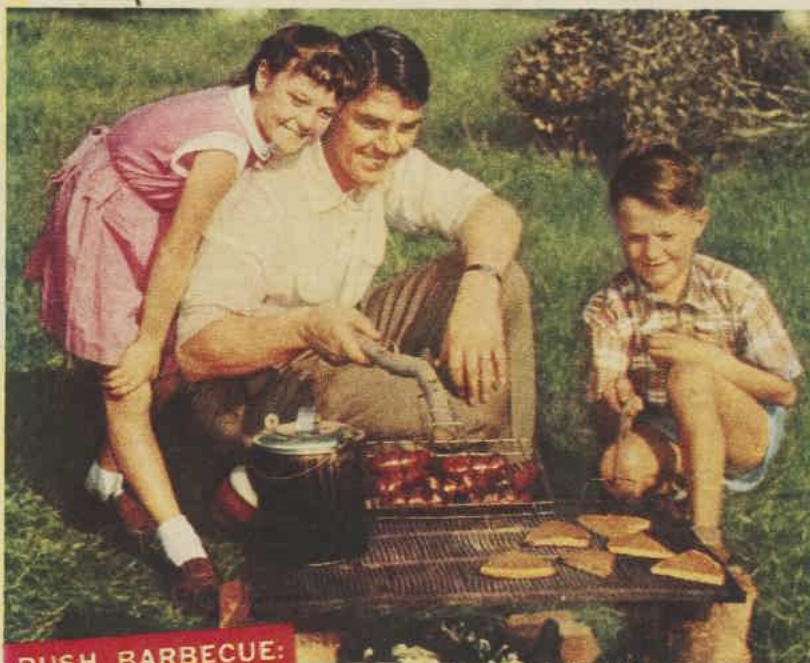
GARDENING

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Pack your picnic hamper with salad foods, bread and Kraft Cheddar. You'll make a fresher, crisper salad — satisfy those hearty seaside appetites with the wonderful nourishment of mellow Kraft Cheddar.



BUSH BARBECUE:

Toasted cheese sandwiches go well with sausages at a barbecue picnic. And another tasty cheese treat is "Picnic Bread", made at home before you set out on the picnic.

Recipe: Rub ¼ cup softened butter into 1½ cups wholemeal S.R. flour, ½ cup S.R. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup shredded Kraft Cheddar. Add one beaten egg and a cup of milk and beat until smooth. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in a hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes. At the barbecue split each piece and toast.

Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition that is perfect for picnics — gives you and your family body-building protein and valuable milk minerals . . . plus Vitamins A, B₂ and D. Tastes so good, too — whether you serve it in salads, sandwiches or toasted sandwiches.



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Instant STICK

ODO·RO·NO

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

Continuing . . . Tuesday the 27th

(from page 75)

darkened room and a further period of convalescence, Bert was pronounced well and able to leave hospital. Although the most acute of the zoological manifestations no longer troubled him, he was in fact far from well.

But he could walk—just. And after some practice could sign his name well enough for banks to cash his travellers' cheques. On the advice of a kindly doctor he went to a mountain sanatorium, where, since liquor was barred, his return to normal health might be expected.

After a winter spent in the keen, dry mountain air, with plenty of good food, regular exercise, and no alcohol, Bert realised with thankfulness that he was cured and able to face the world again. He also realised that he was somewhat homesick.

Upon a sudden impulse he went down to Sydney, where he booked a passage for England, arriving in London three years and nine months after leaving home.

One evening, having seen all the good films and feeling restive, Bert took a bus to Twickenham. Hoping that he would not be recognised, he walked to Lawn Crescent. No. 17 was in darkness. Opening the front gate, he went into the garden.

The melancholy air of neglect, visible even in the light of a street lamp, shocked Bert. His beloved roses were rank and almost choked with weeds. The lawn was a tangle of dead grass. The skylight over the front door was broken, where some mischievous boy had thrown a stone. Bert fled. He could bear no more.

On the following morning he called upon his lawyer, Dick Hayden, who received him somewhat coolly.

"I've been wondering when I should hear from you," he said. "Where have you been?"

"I've been three years in the Marquesas Islands. They're in the Pacific—French. But the climate didn't agree with me."

"Well, what brings you here?"

"I just called in for a friendly chat, Dick. After all, we were friends, weren't we?"

"Of course, Bert, of course! But right now I'm busy. Tell you what! Let's have lunch together. I'll be able to talk then. But just now, you understand . . ."

"Of course, Dick. I'll come back for you at twelve-thirty. I should have phoned for an appointment."

At lunch the two men chatted uneasily. The bond which had united them for many years was curiously non-existent. They talked warily, like strangers.

"I hope," said Bert over the coffee, "that Lucy is well. I suppose my leaving like that was a great shock to her?"

"I dare say it was," replied the lawyer. "I don't mind telling you, Bert, that in my opinion you behaved abominably. But how should I know what happened to Lucy?"

"But didn't you carry out my instructions?" asked Bert, agitated.

"I couldn't, my dear chap. Lucy never got in touch with me. Your instructions presupposed that she would. But she didn't and I have done precisely nothing."

"But this is terrible, Dick. Poor Lucy's private income is almost nothing—certainly too small to live on. She isn't at

our old house. By the way, what's happened there?"

"A few weeks after you left, the electric light people and the water company got in touch with me. I paid the bills and arranged for the water, electricity, and telephone to be cut off. There have been several offers for the house, but in the absence of instructions from you I could do nothing."

"What do you suppose," asked Bert, "can have happened to Lucy?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, my dear chap."

"You know, Dick, I'm afraid my last letter to her must have shattered her. I wish now that I had kept a copy. Lucy, like all of us, has her pride, and I only hope I didn't say too much."

"While we are on the subject, Bert," said the lawyer, "what was the trouble between you two? I never did understand what it was all about."

"There was no trouble, Dick. Never at any time. But for years Lucy bored me until, sometimes, I could have screamed. I tried, and I hope I succeeded, in keeping that knowledge from her. I had no desire to hurt her—needlessly. It was, simply, that on the day Carol was married and sailed for Canada, there was no longer any need for us to go on living together. We had done our duty and I—well, I wanted to live."

As Dick said nothing, he went on, "Have you ever had to spend hundreds of evenings with a woman whose only pleasure is doing crossword puzzles? Well, you're lucky. I stood it as long as I could."

"That's your affair, Bert. Meanwhile, something has to be done about that house of yours. If you don't want to live there, let me sell it for you. I have half a dozen buyers . . ."

Bert still had his latchkey, so that afternoon he again went down to Twickenham. In daylight No. 17 Lawn Crescent looked simply appalling. The air of neglect gave him a strange feeling of guilt.

The letterbox was filled, while an overflow had fallen on to the hall floor. Dust lay thickly everywhere.

In the kitchen, where he had left them, were the identical dirty dishes from the last breakfast he had eaten in the house. The thought struck him: Lucy would not have left them like that. It followed, if he were right, that Lucy had never returned. But that was absurd.

Bert went into the living-room where — in accordance with the best traditions of fiction — his letter to Lucy stood propped against the clock on the mantelpiece — unopened.

This could only mean one thing: Lucy was dead. Bert went to the telephone with the intention of calling the police. But the line was dead. He rifled carelessly through the pile of letters he had taken from the letterbox. Most of them had long since lost any meaning.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney.

One of the envelopes was addressed to him in Lucy's handwriting. It bore a postmark dated the same day that he himself had left the house. He opened it with trembling fingers. For a few moments the writing was blurred, as though his eyes were playing tricks. Then he read:

When the train took our darling Carol away from us yesterday, it broke the last link which bound me to you. Since she was born I have endured twenty years of insufferable boredom. Only your own vanity has prevented you from seeing this. Now I can stand no more.

It is not your fault that you have such a limited mind. I do not blame you, nor have I any hard feelings. I believe you have tried to be a good husband to me. But I am sure that life holds something more for me than taking refuge from your

intellectual vacuum by spending the evenings working out word puzzles designed for children.

It is better that we should part without recriminations have left you, Bert, and not coming back. I make financial demands of you on you. I have found an interesting job and in two I shall be working at you want a divorce. I will, of course, make it easy for

For myself, I do not want a divorce. One marriage has been plenty for me and I am not tempted to repeat the experiment. My decision is final, so I beg you not to find me. Mabel will always where I am.

I hope you will be happy, Bert, as I hope to be happy.

As he slammed the front door and staggered out into the foggy dusk, Bert Simms failed utterly to understand the hot tears which blurred his eyes.

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SAVE TEMPER . . .

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MAGNET LIFTS THE LID,
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Can-O-Mat's a wonderful "bridesmaiden's" gift for a bride—lifetime usefulness and good looks, too!

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Make homekeeping happier for woman in your life . . . with Can-O-Mat, the gift that goes on helping 365 days in the year for a lifetime.

alking of Films

Raising a Riot

BRITISH - LION'S
"Raising a Riot" is a
little comedy in
about English family

entertainment it will
bly never set the world
But somehow, in spite
time-worn comic situ-
and old gags, the pic-
oes manage to achieve a
deal of warmth and fresh

ch of this is due to that
actor Kenneth More,
smooth comedy sense
awless timing never flag

from the start to the finish
of the picture.

The story consists in the
main of a loose series of
smile-raising misadventures
involving a Navy officer
(More), who falls for the job
of "mothering" his three
lively offspring when his wife
has to leave hurriedly for
Canada.

Set mostly in the country
in a ramshackle windmill
which their Gramp (Ronald
Squire) is in the process of
converting, all the domestic
skirmishes point to the truth
in the saying that a woman's
work is never done.

The Navy wallows heavily

in these troubled domestic
waters for a while, but every-
thing is shipshape when the
final bell sounds.

The children are nicely
played by Mandy Miller, Gary
Billings, and Fusty Bentine.

★ The Last Wagon

CITY slicker Richard
Widmark turns to
outlawry in the early West
in "The Last Wagon"
(Fox), in which he plays
a white man raised by
Comanche tribesmen.

It is to revenge the killing
of his Indian wife and two
sons by four white renegades
that trail-wise Widmark hits
the warpath. Along the way he
also inherits the job of lead-
ing back to civilisation a
group of young settlers who
are the survivors of an Apache
massacre.

But there is nothing in the
picture except, perhaps, that
sequence before the credits, in
which Widmark engages in a
running gun-and-knife fight
through a rugged gorge with
pursuers hard on his heels,
that comes within cooee of
the magnificent scenery of
America's south-west territory
where Apache tribesmen once
hunted and made war.

Filed in color, and thrown
on the CinemaScope screen,
this last is truly grand.

Mr. Widmark, clad in buck-
skin from top to toe, works
like a slave to make his Co-
manche Todd a strong charac-
ter.

But at the end of it all he
is just a laconic hero who
can give and take a lot of
punishment.

For the occasion Fox has
rounded up a covey of little-
known young players headed
by Felicia Farr and Tommy
Rettig as the trail characters.
None of them impresses very
much.



HANDSOME QUARTET. Cesar Romero (with silver hair), Anne Baxter, George Nader, and Dani Crayne were among the stars who turned out for the Hollywood premiere of "Giant." On these occasions movie stars usually want to see and be seen and therefore make a point of showing their best clothes and smiles.

Overseas movie gossip

From London and Hollywood

BEFORE Vera-Ellen sailed
for America this week after
completing the British musi-
cal "Let's Be Happy," she
gave a gorgeous gown costing
£500 sterling to be raffled at
a polio fund dinner. Said she:
"You should get £400." It
raised—£31 sterling. The
raffle took place in Scotland.

SHUDDER department:
Dana Andrews is going to
dabble in black magic in his
next film—a macabre thriller
called simply "The Haunted,"
which he is to make in Britain
with Peggy Cummins. A lot
of it will be shot among sinis-
ter rains of Stonehenge.

Meaty, hair-raising theme will
pose the question—was the
murdered man killed by black
witchcraft?

STAR James Stewart is to
serve as a fill-in speaker
for President Eisenhower at
Arlington National Cemetery
during exercises honoring the
Unknown Soldier of World
War I and Servicemen who
lost their lives in World War
II. Stewart was asked to speak
when the President was unable
to accept the engagement. A
colonel in the Air Force Re-
serve, James Stewart fought
in the last war and won the
Distinguished Flying Cross.

AUDREY HEPBURN has
been offered starring roles
in "Mary Rose," "The Little
Minister," and "The Boy
David," which are due to be
revived on London's legiti-
mate theatres in the near
future. If Audrey accepts the
offer she is to rotate the shows
in repertory. All three plays
are by J. M. Barrie.

THE film world in Britain
is surprised that yet an-
other "Doctor" film comedy is
coming up to follow in the
shoes of the hilarious "Doc-
tor in the House" and "Doc-
tor at Sea." They should not
be. Says director Ralph
Thomas: "The second 'Doctor'
film, 'Doctor at Sea'—which
everyone says I was crazy to
make—made a cool half-mil-
lion sterling profit. And I
am happier about this third
film, 'Doctor at Large,' than
about the other two put to-
gether. It looks like being
the funniest of all."



CITY-LOVING Jayne Mansfield displays her opulent
for the photographers. She is squired by husky
(Mr. Universe) Hargitay, who ungallantly looks
at the camera instead of at the glamorous Jayne.



World renowned authority on social etiquette—



Emily Post says that

NESCAFÉ is a

wonderful summer drink
served as

"ICED COFFEE"

Served as ICED COFFEE, Nescafé
makes a wonderful summer drink . . .
cooling, refreshing, stimulating. That's
the opinion of Emily Post, world-
renowned authority on social etiquette.

Nescafé makes Iced Coffee so quickly,
so simply. . . You just dissolve Nescafé
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Milk—it's the richer, creamier milk!
For the delicious finishing touch, add
sugar, ice cubes or ice cream.

You're sure to have a tin of Nescafé
in your cupboard . . . so make yourself
a long, cool glass of Iced Coffee now.

"Cool-off" with Iced NESCAFÉ





*"that's what
we want for
Christmas!"*

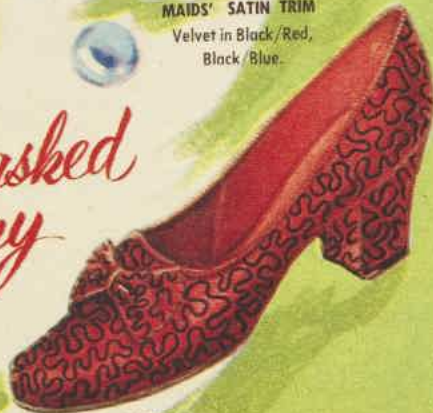
*If
we were asked
we'd say*



MAIDS' SATIN TRIM
Velvet in Black/Red,
Black/Blue.



MAIDS' QUILTED SATIN
Red, Blue and Rose.



CORNELLI MOROCAIN
Red, Blue and Rose.



QUILTED SATIN
Colours include Blue,
Rose, Wine.



MEN'S
Tan or Black leather
with Tortan lining.



FLORAL MOROCAIN
Red, Blue and Rose.



SOFT LEATHER
Royal, Jet, Riviera
Red.



MEN'S SCUFF
Natural colour
Beaver hide.



LUREX TRIM
Black/Blue as
shown.



QUILTED SATIN
Colours include Blue,
Rose, Wine.

Betta

*"never
wear out
their
welcome"*

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SLIPPERS!**

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Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4089, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4348.—Prettily waisted one-piece dress. Sizes: Length 18, 20, 23, and 28in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½ yards 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3875.—Sundress and matching bolero. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½ yards 36in. material, 1 to 1½ yards 36in. contrast, 1-3rd yard edging. Price, 3/6.

F3435.—Short-sleeved, school uniform. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 years for 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 3½ to 3¾ yards 36in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F4350.—Tailored school uniform. Sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years for 30, 32, and 34in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4351.—Braid-trimmed sundress. Sizes: Lengths 23, 28, 34 and 40in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½ to 2 1-3rd yards 36in. striped material, ¼ yard contrast, and 2½ yards rick-rack braid. Price 3/6.

F4352.—Sundress designed with an unusual heart-shape bib top. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, and 23in. for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1½ to 1¾ yards 36in. material, and 1 yard bias binding. Price 3/6.

FP1.—Iron-on transfer for skirt trim, consisting of 14 motifs of Dutch boy and girl figures, price 2/6.

F4350

F4349.—Two-piece pyjamas. Sizes 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3½ to 4 yards 36in. material. Price 3/6.

FP1000.—Iron-on transfer for pocket trim, consisting of 8 novelty circus motifs. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 368.—HOSTESS APRON

Waist apron finished with a crisp white organdie ruffle trim is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color and material choice includes check gingham in red and white, lemon and white, green and white; blue and white; and black and white. Price 5/3. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 369.—TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is linen towelling featuring a multi-colored stripe. Size 22in. x 32in. price 6/11. Postage and registration 9d. extra. Set of three 19/11. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 370.—LUNCHEON SET

The mats and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes Irish linen in white and cream; and sheer linen in blue, lemon, and pink. Sizes: Centre mat 14in. x 14in.; plate mat 11in. x 11in.; and cup-and-saucer mat 7in. x 7in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, price 18/3. Postage and registration 2/2 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, price 22/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviette 11in. x 11in., price 1/3. Postage and registration 3d. extra.

No. 371.—DAYTIME DRESS

Smart one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cambric cotton. The color choice includes white and mauve on a blue ground; white and cherry-red on a pink ground; and white and lemon on a turquoise ground. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust 23/6, 36 to 38in. bust 25/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

F3862.—Lace-trimmed half petticoat and matching panties. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Requires 1 1-3rd to 2 yards 36in. material, and 9½ yards lace edging. Price 3/6.

F3862

F3435

F4352

371

F4351

370

369



Cotton singlets are pretty when they're

BOND'S

Choose a cotton singlet with a pretty fancy rib, a neat-fitting elasticised top. Bonds know that lots of women prefer cotton undies, so they've devoted themselves to making them fresh and dainty looking. Ask to see Bonds singlets in peach and frosty white at good stores everywhere.

"care for mustard?"



"yes, if it's **KEEN'S**"

Appetites everywhere are sharpened by Keen's Mustard. It brings out the full flavour of all meats, and adds zest to almost every food you serve.

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

giving's grand when it's



planned



CHOOSE FROM 11 COLOUR COMBINATIONS — SET OF FIVE — 19/11

The ideal gift for Xmas, birthdays, shower-teas, weddings



The joys of giving are grand indeed when you wrap a bright, practical Gayware gift.

For Xmas, for birthdays, weddings or kitchen teas, a Gayware Table Gift Set is always met with: "Ah! wonderful, just what I want."

See the Gayware range now.

COVERED FOOD DISHES, illustrated above. Colours to match Gayware canisters. Set of five, 19/11—or can be purchased individually.

A—Chef match-box holder, 5/11.

B—Water or beer jug in glamorous colours. Quart size, 12/6.

C—Wash basin or mixing bowl in unbreakable polythene. Size 16 in. 29/11.

D—Cocktail shaker with strainer top, in black, red, green, yellow, 7/11.



A



C



D

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

DEBBIE SERVES A SALAD LUNCHEON

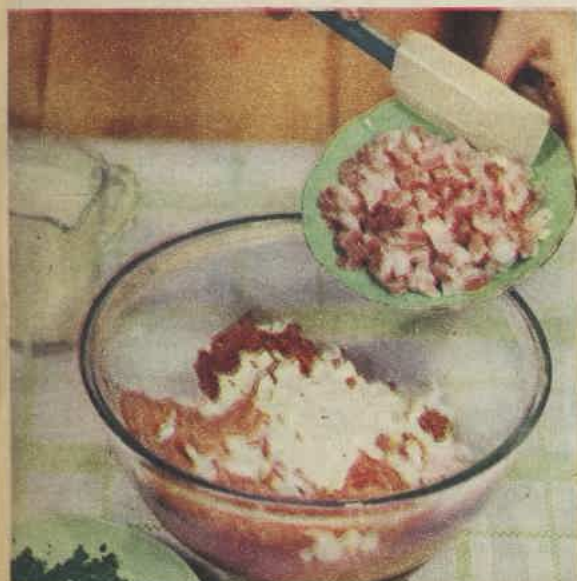
● Teenage chef Debbie shows how to make a meat loaf which she serves cold with crisp celery, lettuce, tomato, and cucumber to make a salad luncheon (illustrated at right).

One pound minced steak, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1lb. bacon, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, level teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and herbs, 1 egg, milk, 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Place minced steak, sausage mince, and chopped bacon (rind removed) in basin. Mix well, then add breadcrumbs, chopped onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and herbs.

Beat egg, mix thoroughly with meat mixture, adding a little milk if necessary. Place half the mixture in a greased loaf-tin. Make three depressions in meat; place one shelled hard-boiled egg in each depression. Brush surface of meat with melted butter, and cover with remaining meat.

Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove loaf from tin; allow to become cold. Serve sliced with fresh salad.



CHOP bacon finely and add to minced steak, sausage mince, and chopped onion in the basin. The most satisfactory way to get good minced steak is to choose the cut of steak and have the butcher mince it.



PRESS half the prepared meat mixture evenly over the base of a well-greased loaf-tin (8½ in. by 5 in.). If you prefer a crusty covering on your loaf, coat the inside of the greased loaf-tin with browned breadcrumbs.



MAKE three depressions in meat mixture with the back of a dessertspoon. Place one shelled hard-boiled egg lengthwise in each depression. Be sure the eggs are quite cold, or a dark ring will form around yolks.



GLAZE surface of meat with a little melted butter before covering with second half of the mixture. This keeps the two layers of meat together during cooking. Press balance of meat over eggs, bake as directed.



Busy Sue

SHOWS
YOU
HOW!

Make
this
marvellous



Quick, easy, delicious...



Place unopened 12-oz. tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to one teaspoonful gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool. Melt ¼ packet Nestlé's Choc Bits over double boiler. Pour Ideal Milk into bowl, add 2 oz. sugar and the melted Choc Bits. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine, one packet chopped mixed nuts and whip until thick and creamy (only seconds). Place in freezing trays and freeze.

To make SNOWCAP. Chill one 6-oz. tin Ideal Milk and a bowl overnight in the refrigerator. Pour contents of tin into bowl and whip—takes only seconds for a glamour topping!

Ideal Evaporated Milk is so thick and creamy it whips—just like cream! Ideal is not only super in ice cream, it gives new flavour and texture to soups and main course dishes too. Ask for Ideal recipes at your grocers.

NESTLÉ'S
IDEAL
Evaporated
MILK

Try IDEAL with
NESCAFÉ too for
delicious creamed
Coffee!



Once upon a time

—a man took a pencil and some paper. He drew a plan, and then built himself a house. It was just what he wanted. A pretty house. But a week after they moved in the man's wife said: "This house is cold".



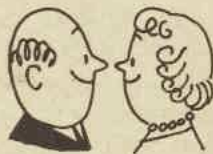
It was, too! During the day she would keep the heater going and the heat would go out through the lining, through the outside walls into the great outdoors. There was nothing to stop it. And when the house turned out to be hot in the summer, it was too much! "This house," said the man's wife, "should have been insulated". And she looked very fierce.



So the man took some more timber and some more lining. And £36 worth of Cane-ite Insulating Wall-board. And he built another house. It looked the same, but it was oh! so warm in winter and oh! so cool in summer—because the Cane-ite was put on as a sheathing—that is, all round the walls between the outside lining and the timber framing.



And the woman said "See, if you'd spent that £36 and taken a little more trouble in the first place we needn't have gone through this. Now go and sell our old house to someone who doesn't know just how important it is to ask "Is it insulated?" before they buy a home.



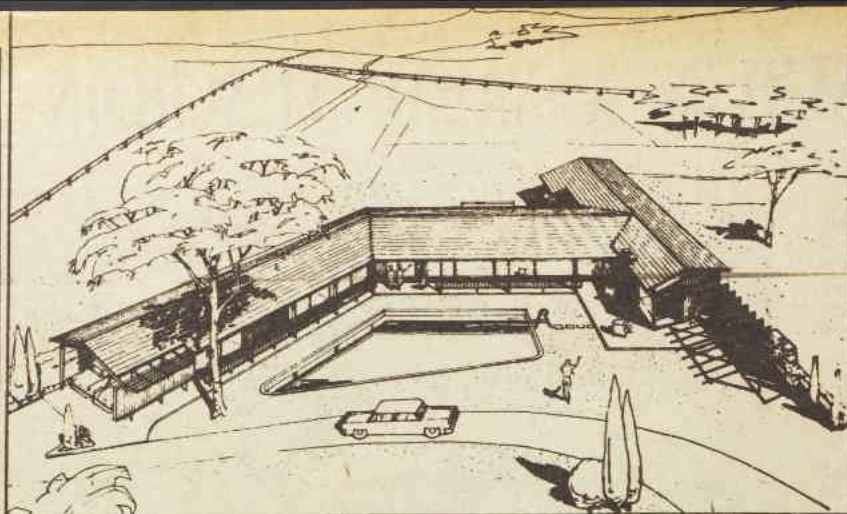
Moral

Learn more about insulating your house with Cane-ite before you build. Your nearest C.S.R. Showroom will be glad to give you any information.



Made by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

Building Materials Division
Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Brisbane, Townsville,
Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.



THIS SPACIOUS HOME built on rambling, ranch-type lines is ideal for country life. Designed to make the most of the view and to give protection from the winds, it is also planned to ease the housewife's cleaning and managing problems.

Architect's diary

Country home built in ranch style

● A country reader who lives near Goulburn, N.S.W., has planned to build a new home that will be modern and labor-saving but will also have plenty of space for the usual country activities.

SHE believes the old-fashioned, square type of country house makes too much work for the housewife, and wants a home that can be easily worked and will contain all the latest labor-saving devices.

At a family conference the new home was discussed and a list of the requirements made. These requirements, and the fact that there was unlimited land on which to build, resulted in the choice of a plan for a ranch-type house.

The plan, as shown in the sketches on this page, is for an open U-shaped house, broadly subdivided into a bedroom-wing on the east, connected to a family living-wing on the west by the formal living-rooms.

All the rooms are connected by a continuous verandah that gives protection from direct sunlight, and has large areas of glass facing a beautiful view to the north.

The house also has an extended windbreak and barbecue on the west that form a barrier from the unpleasant westerly wind. An open courtyard has room for a swimming-pool, and makes a pleasant outdoor living space.

A utility room has been de-

signed for many purposes. It provides an alternative living-room for the whole family, and has, in addition to comfortable lounge furniture, a built-in ironing-board, sewing bench, and storage cupboards.

This room can also be used as a teenage recreation room. It has sliding glass panels that

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

can be opened to make extra room for a large party.

The kitchen has been restricted to a fairly small area for convenience. It will include a four-oven, slow-combustion stove, twin refrigerators and freezer, a dinette, cooling cupboards for hot food, garbage-disposal unit in the bench, ample serving space, twin-bowl stainless steel sink and drainer.

There is a rather large pantry to store food in bulk, including 200 to 300 jars of jams and preserves.

Near the kitchen and accessible from a sheltered porch is a small dairy, housing a meat chopping-block, milk separator, butter churn, and stainless steel washing-up trough.

The laundry is large, and includes an ironing-board, sorting bench, first-aid cupboard, and space for a mobile clothes-container.

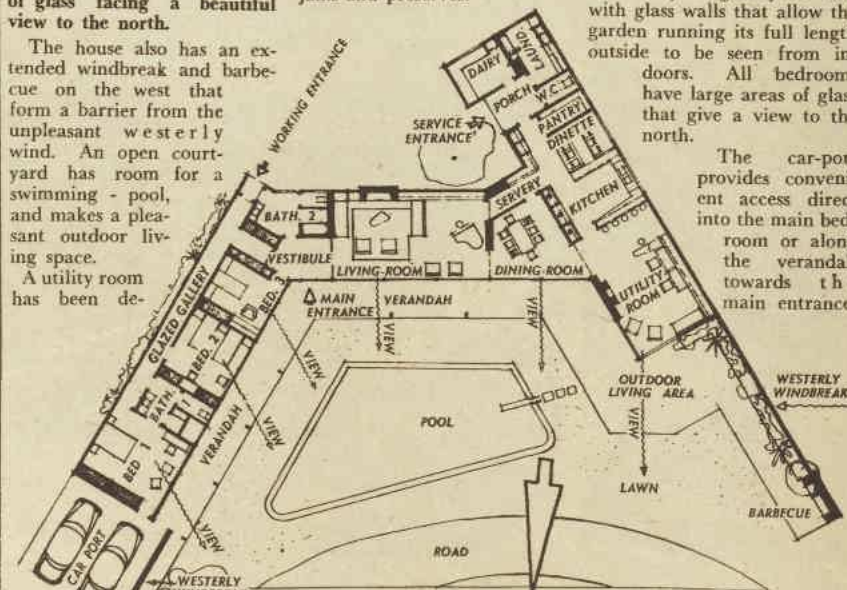
The formal living-room is designed to take two sofas, a baby-grand piano, and a large built-in unit incorporating radiogram, music and record store, and bookshelves.

Living, dining, and utility rooms can have sliding panels that open to form one large space for entertaining.

In the bedroom-wing are two bathrooms. No. 1 bathroom is accessible from the main bedroom and from the gallery. No. 2 bathroom has direct access from outside, and is close to the vestibule for use by guests.

Three bedrooms are connected by a gallery or hall with glass walls that allow the garden running its full length outside to be seen from indoors. All bedrooms have large areas of glass that give a view to the north.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.



FLOOR PLAN of this attractive home shows how the house is divided into bedroom, living, and utility areas. Note how the living-room, dining-room, and utility room can be opened into one large entertaining area.



"BUT YOU PROMISED!"

CAROL was close to tears — after all, a formal dance is a big occasion when you're only seventeen.

"You've been putting it off for weeks," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "You promised! Now we've only got until tomorrow night — and my dress isn't even half-done!"

"I know, I know!" snapped Mrs. Allan, her mother, "but I can't do everything!"

Supper was silent — except for a muffled sniff or two from Carol. Then Mrs. Allan got up and gave her a big hug.

"I'm sorry darling," she said. "I'll see your dress is ready in time — if I weren't so tired these days, I'd have finished it long ago... and I wouldn't be so edgy, either, I suppose." Carol looked worried. "Mum, why don't you see the Doctor? Let me make an appointment for you!"

Mrs. Allan's Doctor was able to reassure her. "There's nothing organically wrong with you," he said, "I suspect Night Starvation. You see, while you sleep, your body goes on working—demanding more energy, after a hard day's work has already exhausted you. You wake tired and nervous and worry even more. Take a cup of hot Horlicks every night at bedtime." Soon Mrs. Allan found she was waking refreshed and ready for the hardest day. Right now she's working on a dream of a frock for Carol.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin Horlicks contains protein — essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate — probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW IN RE-USABLE JAR!



only
Horlicks
guards against
"NIGHT STARVATION"



FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES

Don't panic when unexpected guests arrive—a tasty, appetizing dessert can be ready in a jiffy—Hansen's delicious Junket, served alone or with fruit, etc.



HANSEN'S
JUNKET TABLETS
Fruit flavoured & plain

Veal recipe wins prize

● An interesting and unusual veal dish flavored with ham, lemon, and nutmeg wins this week's £5 prize in our recipe contest. Serve it for lunch or dinner.

THE appearance of the Dutch sweetbreads depends largely on careful handling when shaping the uncooked mixture, and the even browning of the "sweetbreads" in the fat.

Winner of the consolation prize is a recipe for stuffed prunes. The prunes do not require any cooking, and are ideal to serve at parties.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

DUTCH SWEETBREADS

One pound fillet of veal, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. fat ham, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, 1 pint white stock, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying, parsley, bacon rolls.

Melt butter in saucepan, add milk and crumbs, stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Mince veal and ham together, add to crumbs, then add lemon rind and juice, nutmeg, salt and pepper, bind with beaten

egg. Turn mixture on to board, and with lightly floured hands shape into 8 or 10 sweetbread-shaped patties. Brush with egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry lightly on both sides in a little hot fat. Drain off excess fat, add stock, cover closely, simmer 20 to 25 minutes. Serve on hot dish, garnished with parsley and bacon rolls.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Blake, Toolondo, Vic.

STUFFED PRUNES

Three dozen large dessert prunes, 1/2 pint cream, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, squeeze lemon juice.

Cut a slit in prunes, remove stones. Whip cream, fold in walnuts, ginger, icing sugar, and lemon juice, then fill a teaspoonful of cream mixture into each prune cavity. Spear each prune with a cocktail stick.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Buckley, 3 Rosedale St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



SMALL PORK CHOPS, browned in fat, then simmered in equal parts of pineapple juice and water, are served with pineapple.

Family dish

CAPE cod fillets are used in this week's family dish, but tinned fish cutlets, tuna, or fresh fish can be used instead and the result will be just as good. This recipe is a good way of making a small quantity of fish serve more by extending it with cheese and breadcrumbs. Using cod fillets, this dish costs seven shillings and sixpence and serves four or five.

CAPE COD CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds Cape cod fillets, lemon juice, 2oz. butter or substitute (melted), 1/2 cup grated tasty cheese, 1/2 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Place fillets in cold water, bring to the boil, drain. Pat dry. Remove skin and any bones. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange a layer of fish in greased casserole, brush with melted butter or substitute. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs and cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Add a layer of sliced onion and tomatoes and parsley. Repeat layers, using up all ingredients. Cover and cook in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until fish is soft and flaky. Serve immediately.

PROTEINS FOR THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

PROTEINS are flesh-forming and body-building foods, so they are an essential part of the daily pre-natal diet.

Although the calcium and phosphorus in milk supply the framework of a baby's body, it is the proteins that provide the tissue-building materials.

Proteins in the pre-natal diet also improve and increase the quality and quantity of breast-

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

milk, help to prevent anaemia, and build up a resistance to infection.

There are two kinds of protein: animal protein, found in milk, cheese, lean meats, fish, poultry, and eggs; and vegetable, found in wheatmeal, wholemeal, and oatmeal, peas (especially dried peas), beans, and nuts.

During pregnancy the diet should include more animal proteins than vegetable, because animal proteins are more easily digested. Protein is especially necessary when carbohydrates are restricted to keep down excess weight.

Therefore milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat (such as beef, lamb, mutton, liver, heart, kidneys), and fresh fish and sea-foods should form an important part of the pre-natal diet.

STOP SAND PAPERING YOUR SINK WITH SANDY CLEANSERS

MAKE THIS TEST!

Pour some sandy cleanser on one side of wet sink. Pour some BON AMI on the other. Then rub each with your fingertips. Feeling is believing!



USE **BON AMI** WITH 'fsp'
IT'S 100% CLEANSER!

Ordinary, sandy cleansers actually scrub off the fine enamel finish of your sink... actually make dirt traps.

BON AMI with 'fsp' cleans...polishes...and protects your sink without scratching...your sink stays clean longer! Its smooth-gliding cleaning action swishes away the dirt and grease completely and leaves a shiny, protective coating to keep your sink clean longer.

BON AMI IS THE CLEANSER RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PLUMBING AND FIXTURE MANUFACTURERS



TRUE to the FRUIT Schweppes CORDIALS

Naturally—
they taste better



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and their friend Sir Harry, is shown over the vast undersea city built by the men of Mu, fugitives from the continent of Mu, which was destroyed some thousands of years ago. When Mandrake and his friends announce that they want to return to the surface of the sea and to their own world, the Mu men overpower them and submit them to a strange scientific process. Then, still unconscious, the three are put into their seamobile and are towed out of the city into the depths. NOW READ ON:

THE MU MEN TAKE THE SEAMOBILE FROM THEIR UNDERWATER CITY--THEY REMOVE THE BALLAST--THE MACHINE RISES--

NARDA, WE'VE WAITED HERE TOO LONG. IT'S USELESS TO WAIT ANY LONGER!

NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE DEAD--LOOK--THE WATER--SOMETHING'S COMING UP--!

WE TOOK YOU FROM THE SEAMOBILE, UNCONSCIOUS! OH, MANDRAKE, YOU'VE BEEN GONE TWO WEEKS.

TWO WEEKS? NARDA--WE WERE ONLY GONE A FEW HOURS.

MANDRAKE, IT HAS BEEN TWO WEEKS!

IMPOSSIBLE! WE WENT DOWN--A FEW HOURS--SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE MACHINE--WE BLACKED OUT--

MANDRAKE, WHAT HAPPENED--DOWN THERE?

WHAT HAPPENED? BY THEIR ANCIENT ARTS, THE MU MEN MADE THEM FORGET!

FORGOTTEN--BUT NOT GONE--PERHAPS SOMEDAY OTHER MEN WILL FIND THE UNDERWATER CITY--THE LAST REMNANT OF THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU.

NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

I JUST BOUGHT MYSELF A DARLING ONE PIECE BATHING SUIT.

BUT IT'S TERRIBLY BRIEF!

GOODNESS, YOU'D BETTER GET THE OTHER PIECE.

GOT THOSE
*stale-air
summer
blues?*



Quick!
the Air-wick

The "good old summer time" would be really good if we could spend it all at the beach! But most of us have to put up with that hot, humid, breeze-less staleness at home. What to do about it? Just this . . .

You can stop any smell or staleness at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day . . .



**AIRWICK
KILLS
SMELLS
FAST!**

FIERY ECZEMA QUICKLY CURBED

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Scabs, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

**Give
Baby
Lovely
Curls**

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly . . . removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/-.

Curlypet

"Wonderful Australia" is packed with beautiful color pictures on art paper. The price is 5/-. See order coupon in this issue.



Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"EUGENIE".—Pretty torso-line afternoon dress in printed, non-iron cotton. Color choice includes pink, blue, and gold; sage-blue, American Beauty, and orange; sage-green, aqua, and gold; and pale blue, lemon, and green. All are printed in a lattice and floral design on a white background.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 84/6; 36 and 38in. bust 87/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/9; 36 and 38in. bust 55/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

"ELIZA".—Perfectly tailored, short-skirted tennis dress in white pique. The dress has a wide neckline and flared skirt.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 63/9; 36 and 38in. bust 66/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/3; 36 and 38in. bust 31/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 81. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are obtainable for only six weeks after publication.

At any price you won't find
BETTER FINISH
and **FIT . . .**

BETTER VALUE

than you do in

**CHESTY
BOND
ATHLETICS**

Why? Because all Bond's knitted underwear is made from super-carded cotton that's softer, more comfortable and longer-lasting.

6'11



Now!
**MATCHING
KNEE PANTS**
in super-carded
cotton **9'11**

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